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THE SPHERE, JUNE 9, 1945
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXI No. 2368 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 9 1945

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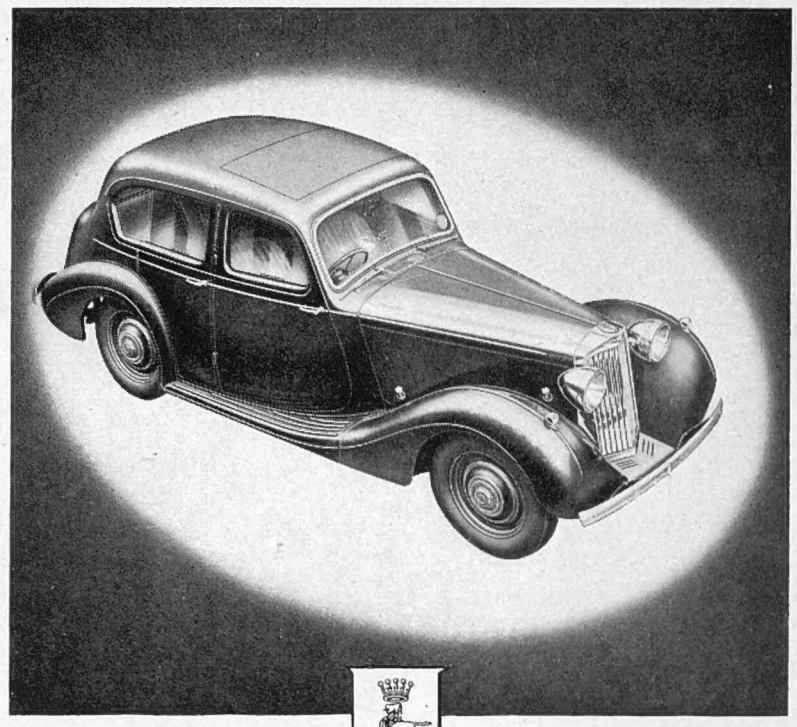
ADA CRAWLEY is a Londoner and proud of it. She was born at Rotherhithe on Thames-side. She is one of the tens of thousands of women who have joined I.C.I. during the war. Evacuated from London with her young daughter during the "blitz" of 1940, she entered a paint factory and soon became proficient in a job unusual for a woman. Mrs. Crawley works what is known as a "triple roller mill". This consists of three power-driven granite rollers revolving so that their accurately machined surfaces are separated by a hair's breadth. On to these surfaces, as they revolve, pigment and oil are fed, and the pieces of pigment —or colour — are crunched and squashed into the oil. The result is a product smooth as butter and as even in texture as velvet, which forms the basis of the colour which is incorporated into paints. Unless the operation receives the care which Mrs. Crawley bestows upon it, and unless the pigment is microscopically dispersed in the oil, the shade of the final paint is likely to be impaired. Even in war-time, when "utility" quality must be accepted in so many products, the shade of a paint may be of the first importance. For example, in one size of shell alone there are 14 different colour schemes to distinguish each shell according to its purpose. Similarly the shade and texture of the camouflage paints on tanks, ships, planes and buildings affect the degree of protection afforded to the men in them. Today Mrs. Crawley's work is a vital link in the production of paint for the national effort. Tomorrow, if she decides to return to look after her family, she will have become a critic of the quality of the paint she is offered for her home.

ICI



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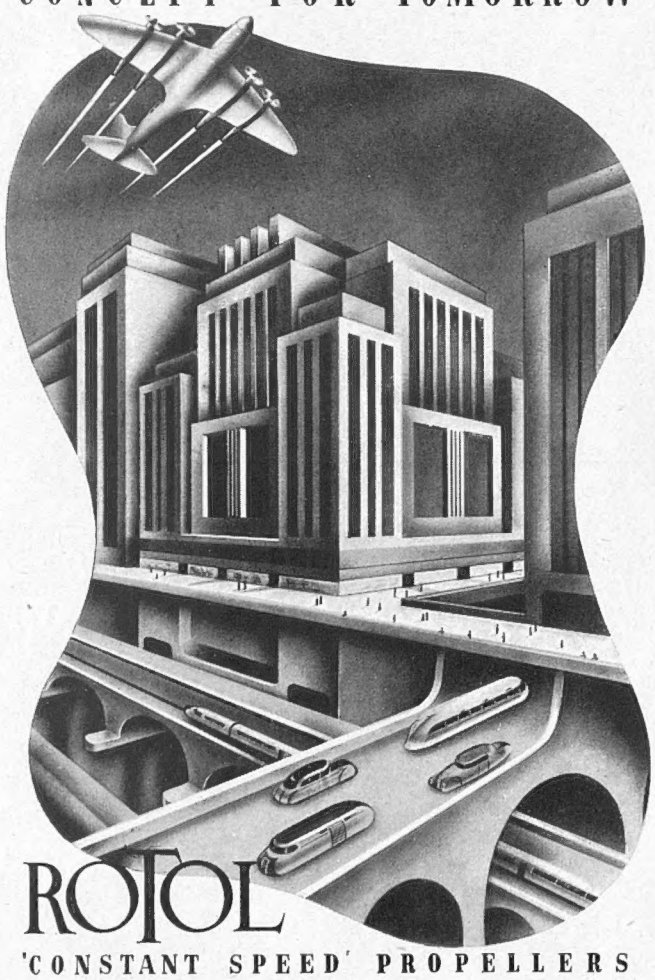

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Volume CLXXXI No. 2368 The SPHERE, London, June 9, 1945

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE SEA ON FIRE: BRITAIN'S COASTLINE DEFENCE AGAINST THE THREATENED GERMAN INVASION OF 1940. How the "fire obstacles" off the beaches were operated: as the patches of oil on the surface of the sea merged into one another to form a continuous strip, these were ignited at several points and the oil began to set the very sea on fire

Pictures have now been released showing how Britain had prepared a fiery reception for the Germans had they attempted the invasion of Britain in 1940. One of these pictures is given above, and others are reproduced on page 291. The "oil defences" established at all likely spots were capable of setting the Channel ablaze—billowing smoke towering above an impenetrable strip of searing flames would have met the enemy's assault craft on their way to the beaches. Behind this barrier, a secondary line of inshore oil defences (known as "fougasse") was organised. The above picture shows the latter in operation. The inshore defence, or "fougasse," consisted of patches of oil which grew until a continuous strip was formed, which was then set ablaze. This operation has just begun in the picture given above. (*See also page* 291.)

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 301

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Mr. Churchill's Temptation.—No subject interests me to-day more than the mind of the Premier. The latest snapshot of him (which I happened to see) showed him smiling, bland and in rude health and spirits a few hours after those "kind words" had been said about him by his Labour colleagues at Blackpool. *He is a great Parliament man*—such words are to him perhaps "all in the game." Perhaps he is spoiling for another election dog-fight. *But he is a great historian.* He must remember the cases of Wellington and Lloyd George. Eighteen-fifteen and 1918 left those two men in a blaze of glory, the prophets and heroes of Europe; 1945 (May 8) left Mr. Churchill in the same dazzling niche. Both Wellington and Lloyd George were drawn on or back into politics. The reputations of both suffered grievously and both received bitter knocks; and one at least had to put up his "iron shutters," while the other never stood so high again. *He is a shrewd student of political history.* He must know, no man better, that the impossible and imponderable problems of resettlement in the next two years must break, or tarnish the reputation of, any Government that is formed to cope with them. How shrewd a decision, then (for himself), to elect to retire (with halo and paint-brushes) to his "Sabine Farm," out of the mud and fog, and to let a Socialist Government cut its own throat inside two years—and then to emerge (still with halo, and rested) to tidy up again with the overwhelming mandate of a Britain disappointed and disgruntled. (Pitt allowed Addington to muddle on for three vital years of danger.) *But presumably he is a great patriot.* Is any great statesman a free agent? This one has known such power as no other English statesman ever enjoyed. He might well be surfeited; rest on his laurels. But such men are not free agents. The tide of affairs rolls them on. Like Sterne's starling, he "can't get out." Too many voices call to him. He is too deeply committed by, and to, events. If ever a man of seventy ought to be resting to-day in peace in his "Sabine Farm" (if only to satisfy Lord Moran), that man is W. S. C. "Instead of which," he is adding to his immense war duties the little jobs of Cabinet-making and electioneering. Kismet?

All in the Game?—I shall never understand the greatest English game—party politics. That I disquiet myself in vain is certain. To the old hand in Parliament, and the game, there was nothing unpleasant or odd (let alone shameful) in the way the new Labour Opposition met the new Caretakers on May 29. The night before, at the Premier's cocktail party, they all slapped their new enemies and old friends on the back and all were jolly good fellows. Yet by the end of the first minute of question-time it was clear that the Opposition meant to lose no chance from the word "go" to obstruct and embitter every working minute of Parliament's fourteen days. And so it was. The vitriol flew round and tempers grew shorter and shorter. The party propaganda campaign was in full swing, and many bitter and vicious exchanges occurred between the trusted allies and loyal friends of yesterday. To the politicians it was all "in the game," nice clean fun. To you and me, who see only the 'ooves of the 'osses, it sounded unedifying and undignified. That is no new thing and doesn't much matter. Yet our bulletins and newspapers are studied abroad, and I wonder how it sounds to Russians, Poles, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Germans. Europe is questioning whether now we are not likely to be too much immersed in domestic politics to take an interest in, or show a lead to, Europe. And, I am bound to say, the first reports of business in Parliament under our new Government lend colour to the suspicion.

THE "OLD LADY" RESTS NEAR ST. PAUL'S: The Accounts Branch of the Bank of England returns to London. A picture taken last week of part of a convoy of ninety vans and lorries, all of them heavy vehicles, loaded with machinery, accounts, filing cabinets and office furniture, all part of the Accounts Branch of the Bank, which is the section dealing with Government Stocks, and which has now returned to London from its wartime home at Hurstbourne Park, near Whitchurch, Hants. The nearest parking accommodation for the huge army of vans was in Finsbury Square and the blitzed site east of St. Paul's

Levant.—The situation in the Levant was, and is, certainly disquieting. It is fair to say that France has been jostled or guided into an unpleasant and very dangerous position. There is tinder there sparking for a very big flare-up. It is not a subject on which even informed British journalists can usefully comment. The allocation of blame is to be avoided by all means. That the Arab nations are to-day more closely linked in unity and purpose than ever before, and that they rely on the ideals of the Atlantic and other war-time charters in pressing their claims to protection from exploitation or oppression by Big Powers—so much is fact. It is true, too, that the Vichy touch greatly lowered French prestige in Syria and the Levant, and, indeed, induced a great deal of ill-will against the French; ill-will bred of suspicion, misunderstanding and malicious propaganda. British interest in peace, order and friendly civilisation in the Levant is as important as ever it was. France has done her part to assure those conditions in the past; and in this, as in all things, is, and must remain, our ally and fellow-worker. In the Levantine dispute our duty is clear. Neither side suspects us; both sides are friendly towards us. We are cut out to act as conciliators and composers of differences in a situation already very grave and liable to the most alarming extensions. In all and any such deteriorations the British Empire has as much to lose as any nation, and *that* on a longer view even than the interference which may be caused to the war of the Allies against Japan. When Mr. Eden announced on the last day of May the terrible decision forced upon us by the march of events in Damascus, it was commonly agreed that our decision to intervene, if necessary by force of arms, was called for by our guarantees to the Lebanon and Syria, no less than by our old alliance and friendship with all the parties to the dispute. So rapidly had the affair deteriorated that there could no longer be conciliation without intervention by threat of force.

Japan: How Long?—As usual, the two schools of thought are poles apart. "Intuition" assures the ignorant that, since ultimate defeat is certain and the Japs are not politically mere sheep like the Germans, a peace party may arise and find a face-saving formula which can accept unconditional surrender almost with grace. Tokyo is already in the state of Berlin, Yokohama is going the way of Hamburg; and it is a mathematical calculation to date the time when every other city and industrial centre will be laid low. Many of the cognoscenti, on the other hand, warn all stations of a very long war and a very tough one. Bombing is not enough, invasion is not enough; the Government in Japan is the Army, 10,000,000 strong, never defeated, a vast suicide squad. Every Jap must be winkled out and spitted wherever he may be in Asia, for Japan will never accept surrender. I am not fond of intuition and I know almost nothing of the facts. I should be prepared to say that nothing the Japs may do or not do can prevent the painful, elaborate and gigantic redeployment of American and British land, sea and air forces being completed. And that—for the European forces—implies a complete re-equipment to the last nut and bolt, and the learning of a new technique of war from A, B, C. That this is so, the humility of our own naval C.-in-C. in Australia makes clear. The British Navy, it seems, has everything still to learn, and much to borrow, from America's. Our planes won't do on the carriers, and our technique won't do. So with the armies. But by the time this terrific armada is at battle stations all over the Far Eastern battlefields, months hence, it is perhaps legitimate to hope that the state of Japan may have still further deteriorated from day-to-day "business done" and the way may be clearer for realism and logic to take the reins from pride and madness. The lesson of Germany may sink in, and the big bombers and uncertainty as to Russia's ultimate intentions may put a different complexion on the face of things in the ruined palace of the Son of Heaven, and in the ruined factory and Parliament, and in the ruined shack. Some of the 10,000,000 are in part "Westernised."

Not So Bad.—"Don't forget," writes an old philosophic friend and reader, "that the world always cheats the prophets and is never quite such a bad place as the Grevilles and the Creeveys and other old stagers think it is going to be." Well, I've been harping on that string of late. The human bark is often more terrifying or tiresome than its bite, especially in a world of non-stop news reporting. Let us call the opening day of the new Government in Parliament a "house-warming party" and pay not much attention to growls. All the same (my old philosopher), while I agree that the prophets are often cheated, it is not always the Jeremiahs. The Jeremiahs who foresaw ahead in 1937 a deal of dirty work at the cross-roads painted their pictures by no means too black. Their jeremiahs were fulfilled, with knobs on. No doubt, grumbling, quarrelling and misunderstanding each other, we shall jog along again and perhaps make some advances here and there. But I am no more inclined to put my money on Isaiah's New Heaven and New Earth than on Jeremiah's Confusion Confounded. I guess we shall muddle through at home and abroad, despite the growls and snapping, because . . . we've *got* to, unless we are to return to cave-man chaos.

The Vital Costs of Wars.—Statistics up to date show that in the fifty-two months of the war of '14-'18, the British Empire casualties in killed were thrice as great as those of sixty-six months of the present war—nearly a million against 300,000. To the latter figure must be added 60,000 civilians killed in this island. The lowest figure is grievous enough, speaking only statistically. The losses of our best during the last war, no doubt at all, contributed to the conditions which made possible the present war and our years of defeat and peril. These figures deserve to be studied and remembered alike by students of war and students of history. The science of war is ever changing with new inventions. It would be untrue to say that war grows less, or more, costly in human life, less or more terrible. The Battle of Normandy was pro rata far less costly than Passchendaele, but so also, bloody as it was, was Waterloo. The high civilian casualties of this war hold perhaps one redeeming feature. For the first time in history the whole nation shared in some degree in the risks of war and thereby became in war (in fact and spirit) one nation. On the Continent, that is no new thing. It is new in our island story.

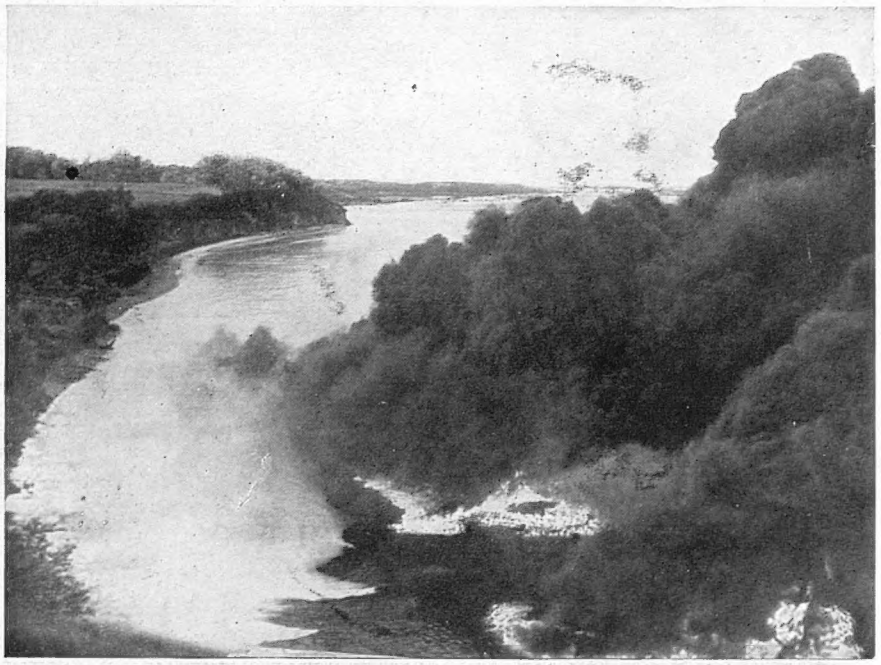
THE OLD STAGER

THE ROUND PATCHES OF OIL ON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA GROW LARGER. They will enlarge to form a continuous strip, when they will be ignited. The oil is projected into the sea from shore pipe-lines

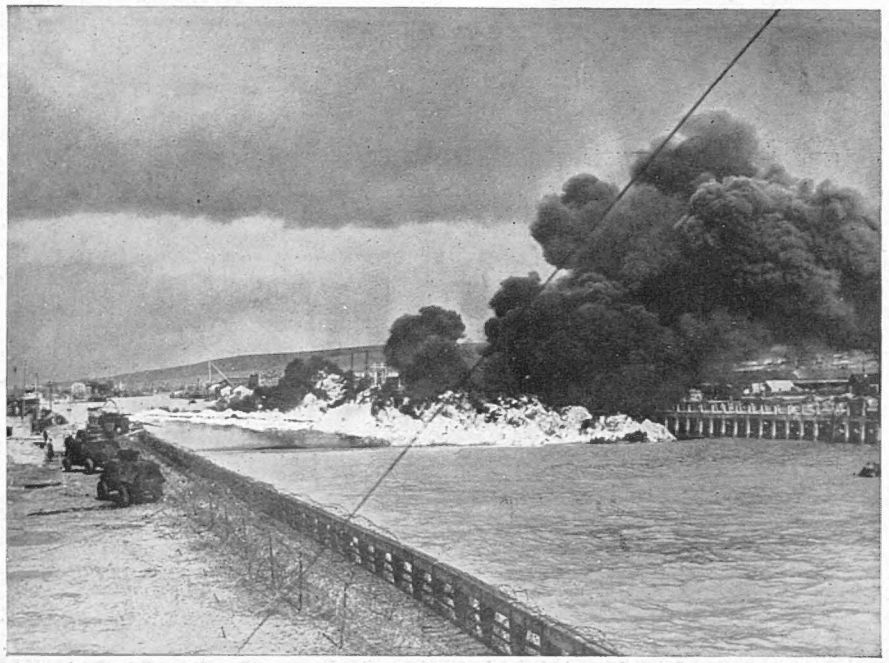
WHY THE GERMANS DID NOT INVADE

The Fire Secret of 1940 Revealed

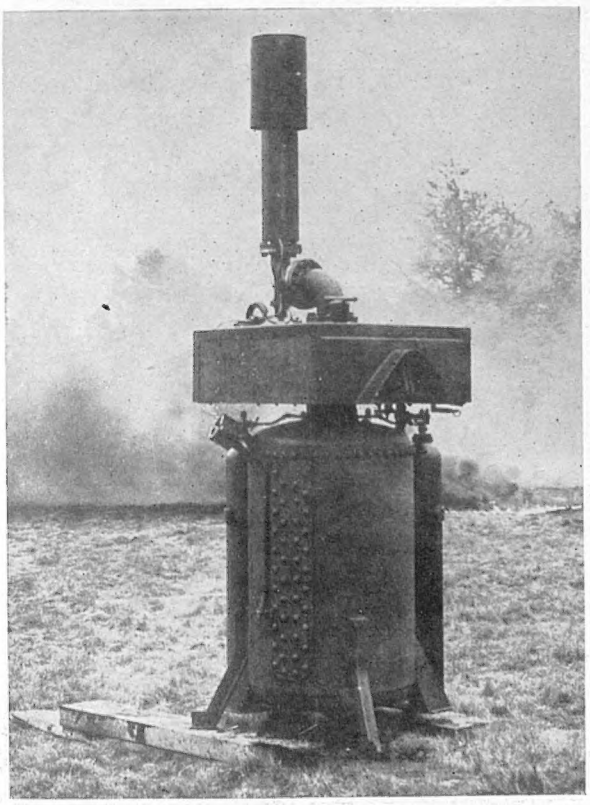
After the Fall of France in 1940, when Hitler was actually planning the Invasion of Britain, a wall of fire was constructed round this island, to cover the sea, the beaches, the cliffs, the roads and the fields. The full history of the secret fire weapon was revealed a few days ago by Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, formerly head of the Petroleum Warfare Department. A great sea-flame barrier, fed by pipes into the Channel, was established; this was backed up by the Inshore Oil defences; and by flame-throwing apparatus and tanks on land. Had the Germans set sail for England, their invasion craft would have gone up in fire and smoke before a single invader could have set foot on these shores



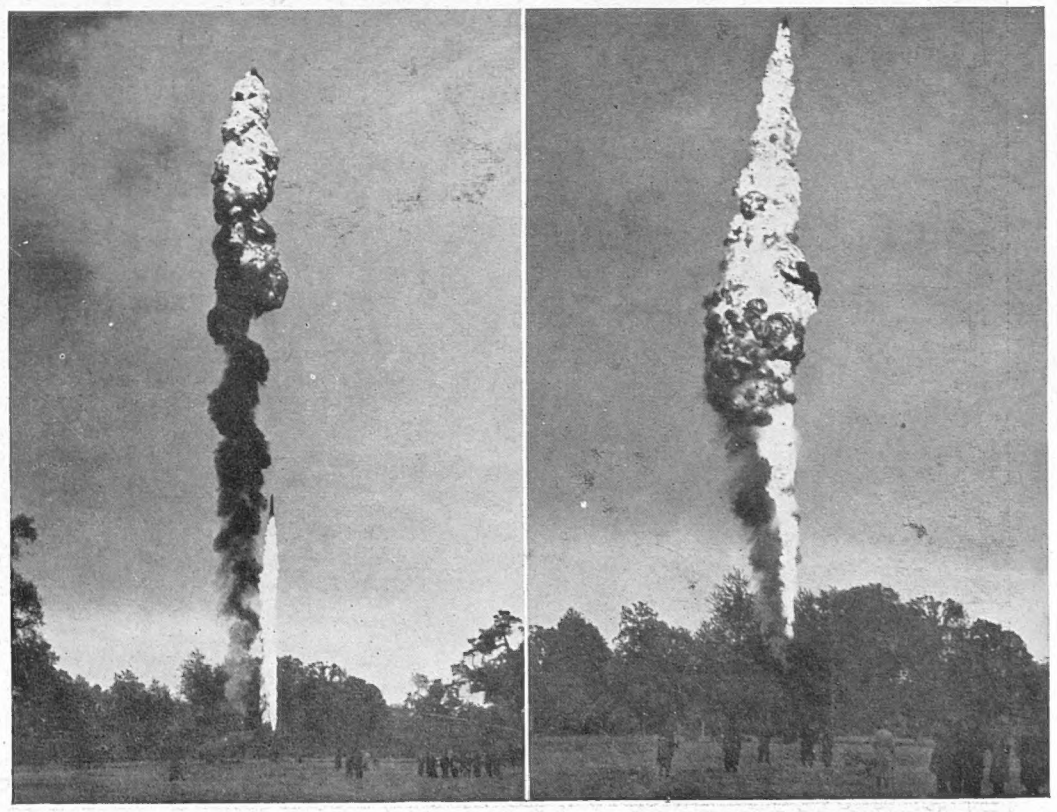
THE FIRE SPREADS RAPIDLY, AND A STRIP OF SEA PARALLEL WITH THE COAST IS SOON ABLAZE: The whole area is swept with flame, and a tall pillar of smoke rises above it. The vital beaches from Kent down to Dorset were guarded in this manner



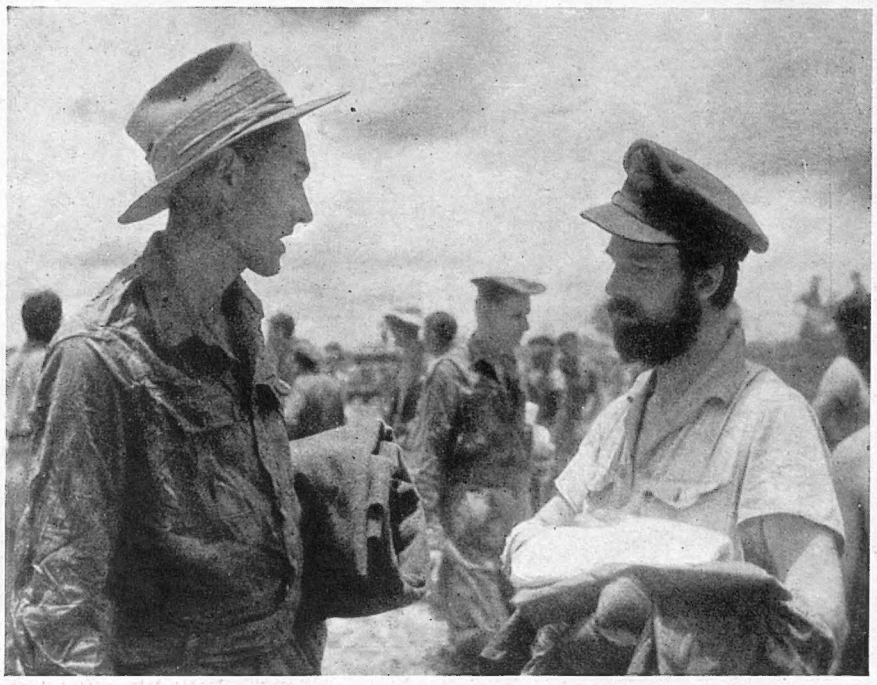
HEAVY FLAME-THROWERS INSTALLED FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE CHANNEL PORTS. The tank-like vehicles on the left were capable of shooting out long lines of flame: they were capable of several hours of continuous firing



THE VERTICAL FLAME-THROWING APPARATUS: It is capable of instantaneous action in any weather, and was operated by the master from the ship's bridge against low-flying German aircraft



THE VERTICAL FLAME-THROWER IN ACTION: It was developed by the Petroleum Warfare Department for use on ships to scare away or destroy low-flying German aircraft attacking our ships in their passage down the East Coast and the English Channel. The flame-thrower shot its deadly stream to a considerable height into the air



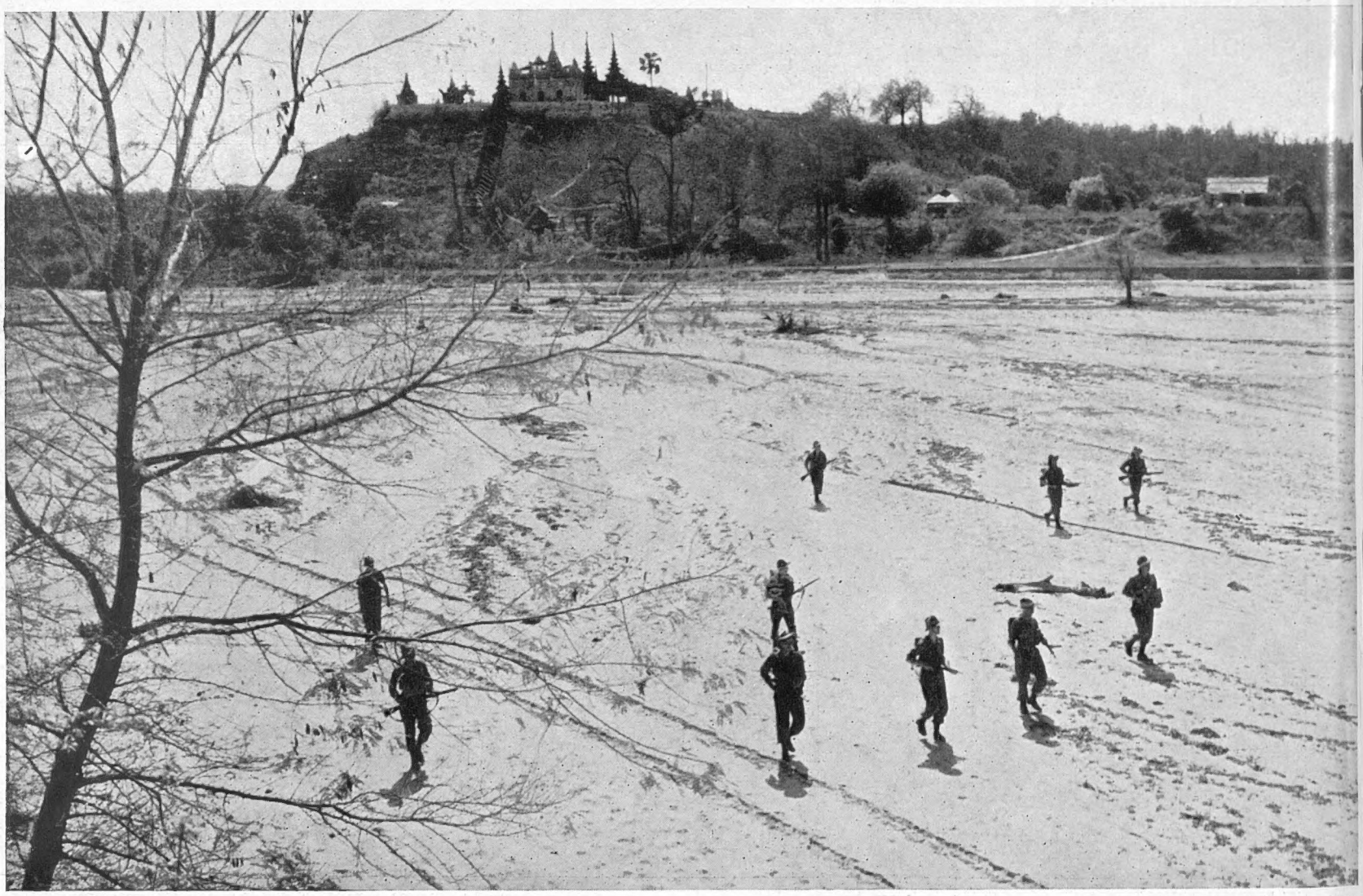
ALLIED PRISONERS OF WAR FREED FROM JAPANESE CAMPS: On the left is Flight Lieutenant Kenneth Wheatley, a fighter pilot from Alberta, Canada; he was captured whilst acting in an advisory capacity with General Wingate's 77th Brigade in 1943. Exactly two years later to the day he was released from captivity by the Fourteenth Army. On the right is Flying Officer J. D. Callaghan, a Beaufighter pilot from Stirling, who was kept by the Japs in solitary confinement for three months. Both men are carrying new blankets and equipment with which they were issued soon after their release

AT PEGU, AFTER THEIR RELEASE, TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS ARE GIVEN NEW KIT to replace their few remaining rags of clothing. They are Lance-Corporal Broxham, of Badsworth, near Pontefract, and Private J. Healy, of Goldthorpe. The plight of some of our men was pitiable after long months of captivity in Jap hands, mainly owing to bad and insufficient food and heavy forced labour

SCENES FROM THE FIGHTING AREAS IN BURMA

And the Liberation of R.A.F. Prisoners in Rangoon

When the Japs realised that the recapture of Rangoon was imminent and that their line of escape was threatened, they collected all Allied prisoners in the old Rangoon gaol and carried them, with the exception of the sick, towards Pegu. Liberating troops found the sick prisoners in the gaol buildings, and the troops advancing from the north met up with the 400 comparatively fit men whom the Japs had been forced to abandon at Pegu. Menaced by the approach of Allied planes, these men—both in Rangoon and Pegu—had to devise some means of signalling their presence: for the one, strips of cloth laid upon a roof, for the others a Union Jack fabricated from Japanese blanket material, served to convey the news that the men on the ground were Allies and that the Japanese had gone. It had been the intention of the Japs to force the fit prisoners to march to Moulmein. Most of the R.A.F. prisoners were air crew, and many of them had been kept in solitary confinement. As soon as they were released, all were fitted out with new clothing and equipment. Most of what they possessed was in rags



THE R.A.F. REGIMENT ARE CARRYING OUT IMPORTANT DUTIES IN BURMA: In this picture, a patrol is searching for straggling Japanese rearguards who may still be lurking in parts of the central area. Elsewhere they are guarding airstrips in the jungle and protecting R.A.F. convoys moving up to the forward areas. All of them are wearing the tropical kit now issued to our troops in the East. The sandy terrain they are traversing—typical of many parts of Burma—lies under the shadow of a Burmese temple built at the end of a wooded bluff

SOME OF THE INDIAN PARATROOPERS USED FOR THE CAPTURE OF RANGOON: Gurkhas in their special kit on the point of taking off. These men have carried out a number of difficult roles all through the campaign in Burma, fighting on the ground or dropping from the air at many points. At Rangoon, Gurkhas were dropped at strategic points around the town and port: it was not till the following day that the sea-borne landings took place

TESTING THEIR PARACHUTES AND HARNESS before taking off for Rangoon, for the capture of the Burmese capital on May 1

SOME OF THE BRITISH COMMANDERS IN BURMA: They are General Gracey, of the 20th Indian Division; General Stopford, who commanded the 33rd Corps, but who is now to be Commander of the newly formed 12th Army; and a Brigadier. This picture was taken at Prome, the Irrawaddy railhead town, where a sharp encounter with the Japs had just taken place

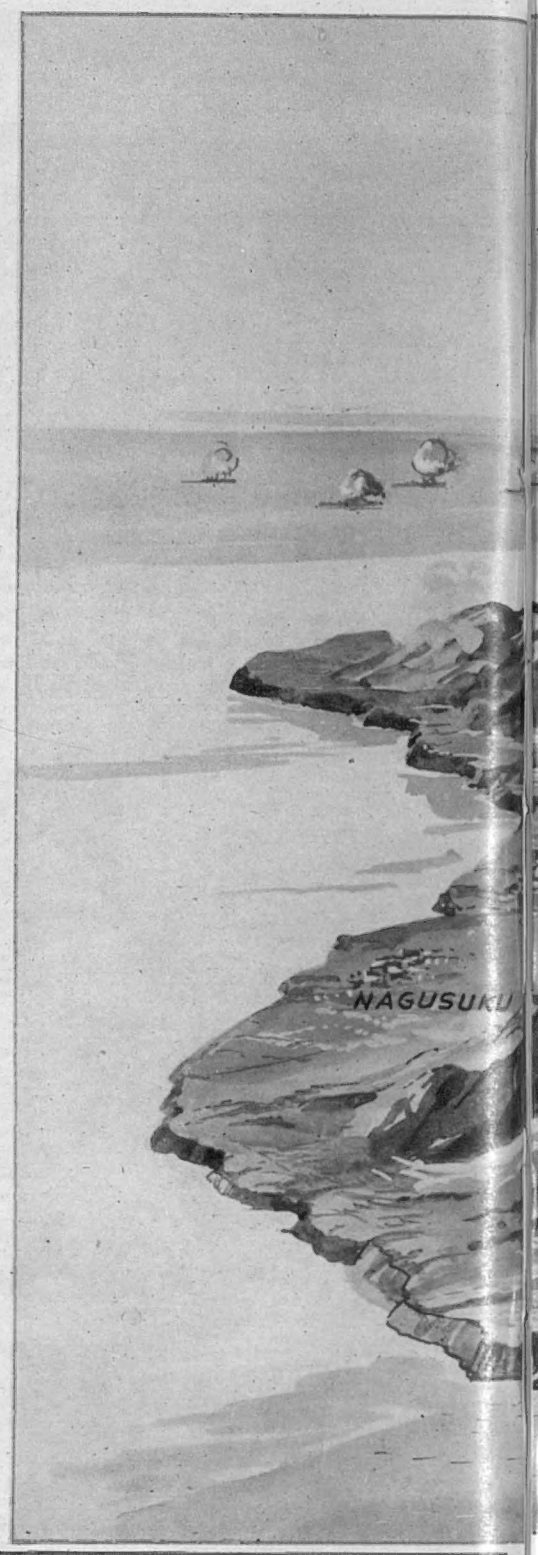
THE COMMANDER OF THE AMERICAN TENTH AIR FORCE IS HONOURED: On the parade-ground at Headquarters of the Air Command, Major-General Howard C. Davidson, the Commanding General of the U.S. Tenth Air Force, was recently appointed an additional Honorary Commander of the Order of the British Empire. Air Marshal Sir Keith Park, the Allied Air Commander-in-Chief in South-East Asia, carried out the investiture. Here the group is seen watching the parade after the ceremony. From left to right are Major-General Howard C. Davidson, Air Marshal Sir Keith Park, Major-General H. H. Fuller (Deputy Chief of Staff, S.E.A.C.) and Major-General Playfair

HOW THE BRITISH WERE WELCOMED IN RANGOON: Civilians with flowers and banners turned out to greet the troops as they disembarked at the docks to take over control in the Burmese capital

WHAT THE INFANTRY STILL HAVE TO ENDURE, ON OCCASION! These men of the East Yorks Regiment are entering Rangoon from the north. They are "loaded up like Christmas trees"—with full kit. Rifles, machine-guns, entrenching tools, water bottles, ammunition, steel helmets, personal belongings—all have to be carried on each man's aching shoulders

b

THE AMERICAN ESCORT CARRIER "GUADALCANAL" TOWS A U-BOAT WHICH SHE HAD CAPTURED BY BOARDING PARTY: This picture was taken as a U.S. Navy Avenger was coming in for a landing on the deck of the escort carrier U.S.S. *Guadalcanal*: the latter has the enemy U-boat 505 in tow. This action took place on June 4, 1944, and it marked the first occasion in U.S. history since 1815 that a foreign enemy man-o'-war had been boarded and captured in battle on the high seas. The group which made the capture was headed by the *Guadalcanal*, whose captain himself went below on the submarine and searched for booby-traps



THE GRIM STRUGGLE FOR OKINAWA

The Japanese Island "Gibraltar"

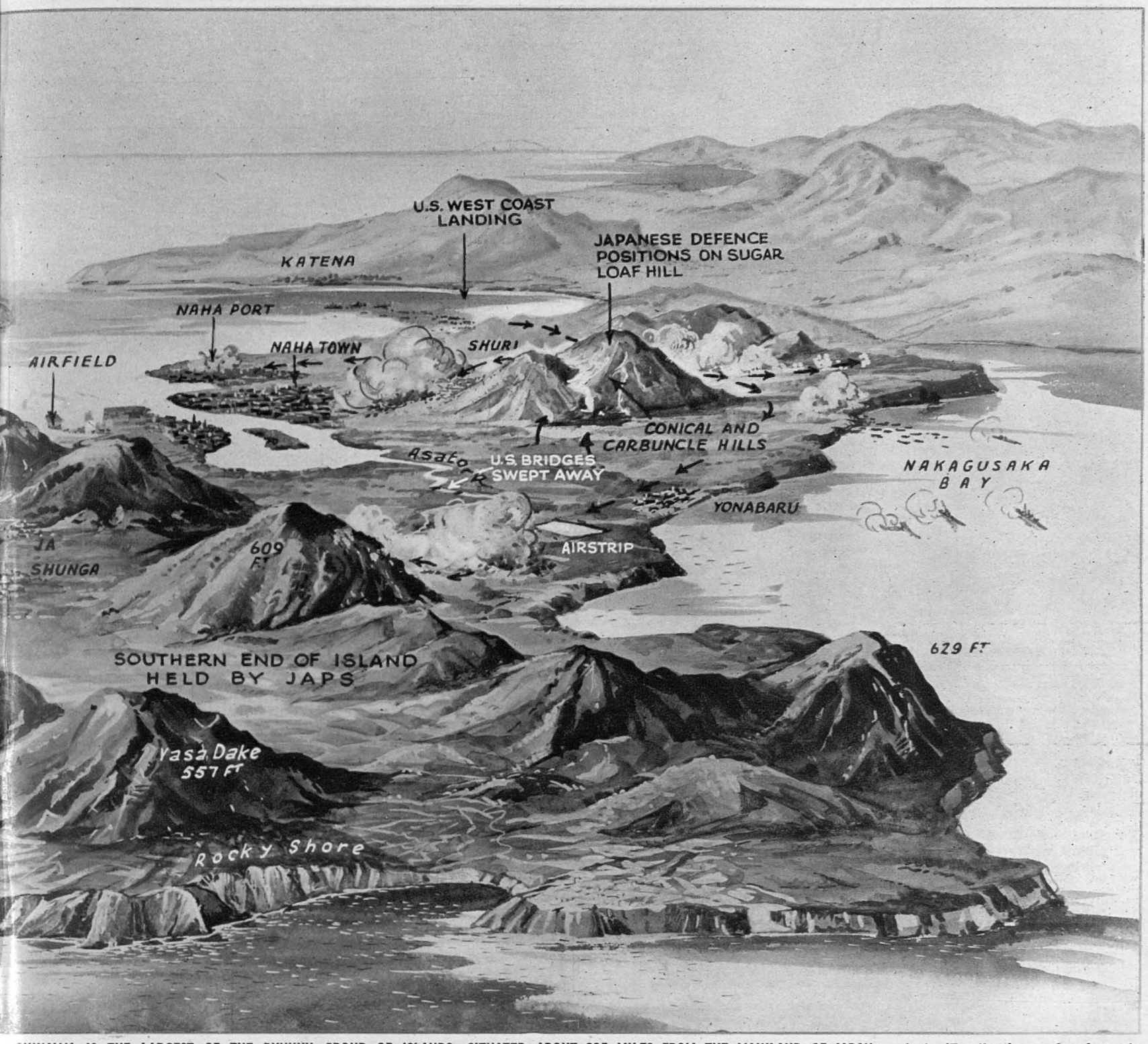
Where the Americans have Found the Stiffest Enemy Resistance of the Whole Pacific War

The American Marines were able to race across from their landing on the west coast of Okinawa on April 1 to the east, and to hold a wide corridor cutting the island in two. They then advanced northward and also to the south, moving along the great bay of Nagusuku on the east coast, which makes a magnificent natural harbour. All was going well until the troops in the south came up against the defensive line across the island protecting the capital, Naha, and the large airfield beyond it. Naha, a large town on the River Asato, with a dock area at the estuary, was shielded by the mass of hills around Shuri, in the centre of the defence line. These hills were a mass of tunnels and caves, in which guns could be hidden.

After a pause in the fighting a big assault was made on May 11. The estuary of the Asato was crossed, the dock area of Naha captured, and the suburbs of the city entered after hand-to-hand fighting. The Japanese have lost heavily during the past two months, their casualties being estimated at 48,000, out of the original garrison of 100,000

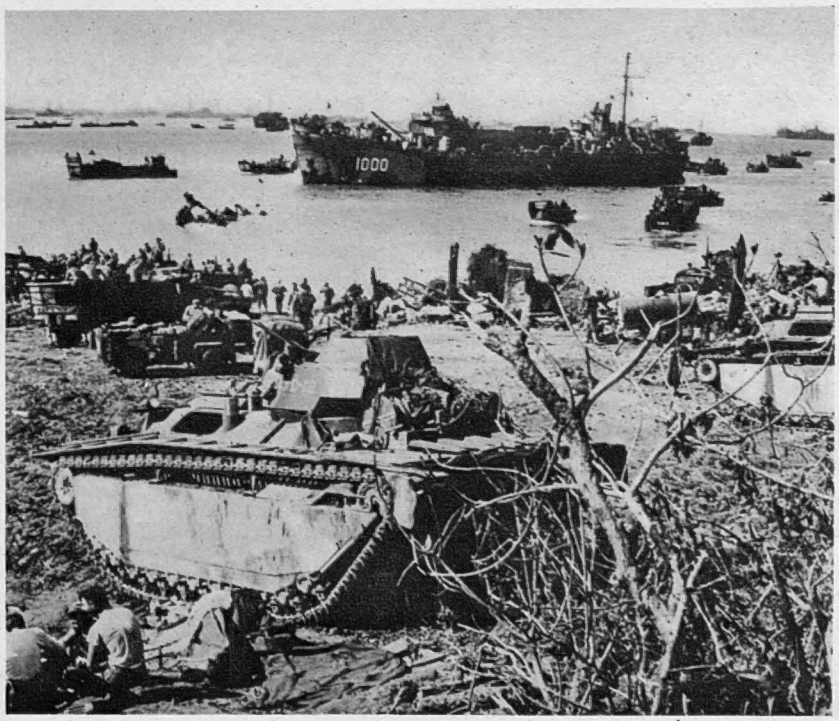
***Below*—A DRAMATIC EPISODE IN THE PACIFIC WAR: In the glare of tropical lightning, British destroyers close in on a Jap cruiser of the Nati class and torpedo her simultaneously on both sides**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The Japanese ship was "one of the most powerful cruisers afloat." The British flotilla was working ahead of a powerful force carrying out a sweep for an enemy heavy cruiser. The flotilla steamed all day at high speed, within a few minutes' flying time of hostile air bases, to get between the enemy and Singapore. By about midnight, the weather being fine and clear, with a brilliant display of lightning peculiar to the area, our forces had gained a good position from which to close the enemy, and engaged. The torpedoes from the flotilla struck the enemy simultaneously on both sides—her fire was quickly silenced. Within ten minutes her upper deck was awash, and at 47 minutes past one in the morning she sank, after receiving further torpedo hits

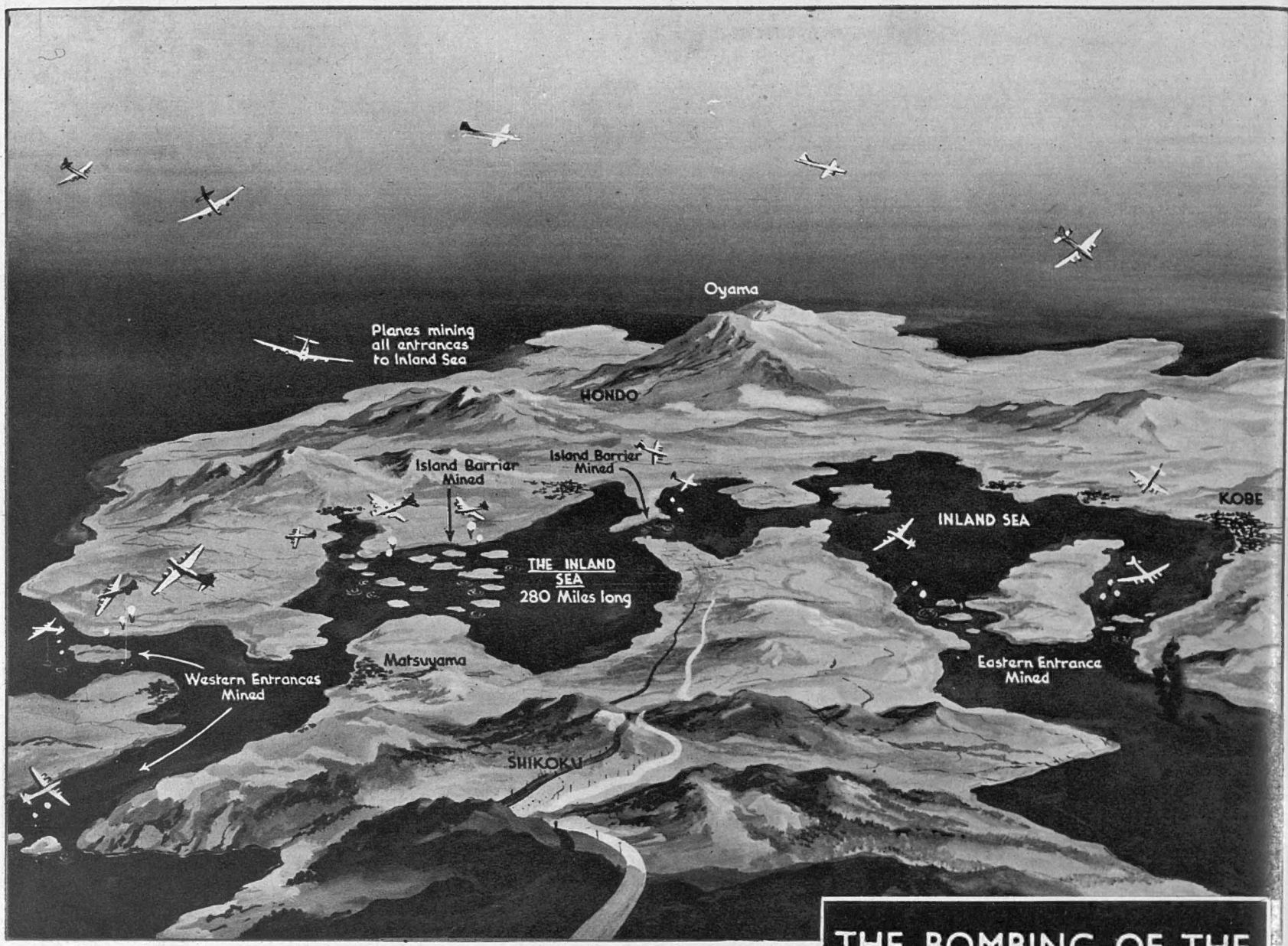


OKINAWA IS THE LARGEST OF THE RYUKYU GROUP OF ISLANDS, SITUATED ABOUT 325 MILES FROM THE MAINLAND OF JAPAN: It is 67 miles long, of a fantastic shape, so cut into by the sea that its width is seldom more than 10 miles, and sometimes only five miles, across. The Americans landed there on April 1, and, at first, they met with very little opposition. That has since changed—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

TROOPS AND TANKS PUSH AHEAD ON THE JAPANESE ISLAND: Shortly after landing on the beach at Okinawa, these troops of the Tenth Army gathered around in groups behind tanks while their leader spotted the enemy's positions. They were held up temporarily by the Japs over the ridge



REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE AMERICAN ARMY REACH OKINAWA: The beach is a scene of feverish activity as the troops prepare to move inland to reinforce the soldiers already engaged in the bloodiest fighting yet seen in the Pacific campaign. The L.S.T. out in the bay is waiting to discharge its cargo

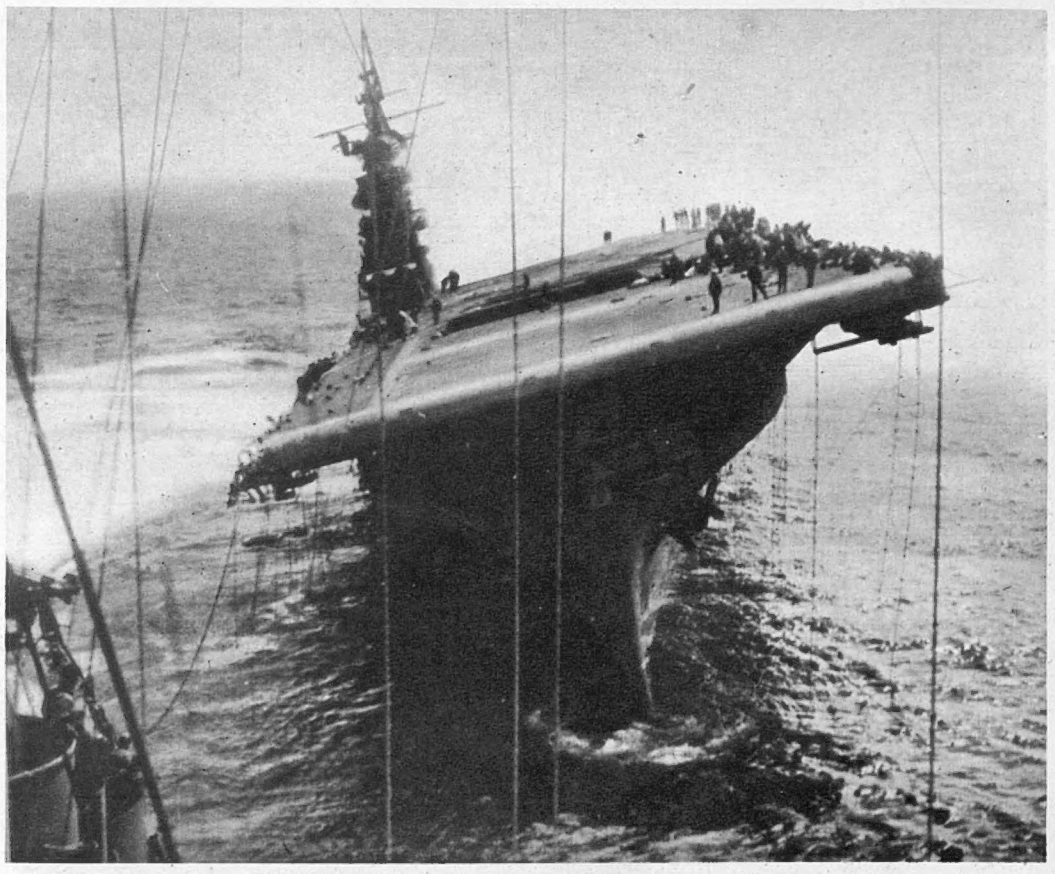


THE SEALING-UP OF THE JAPANESE PASSAGES THROUGH THE GREAT INLAND SEA: This is being accomplished by Super-Fortresses dropping parachute mines at many strategic points in a very vital area

—Drawing by Roland Davies. Of the total transportation of Japan, the huge total of 75 per cent. is water-borne. For this purpose, the arterial highway provided by the great Inland Sea plays a very large part. Super-Fortress aircraft—based on Timai, in the Marianas—during past weeks have been plugging the entrances and channels in this Sea by means of parachute mines, all of which have been dropped at night. Each of the big planes carries ten tons of mines, and each drops its cargo from levels below 10,000 ft. Besides sealing off the three entrances to Japan's inland waters, mines have also been dropped in all the principal harbours, including that of Tokyo. The mines have been sown among the islands which dot the Inland Sea over its length of 280 miles, and the major ports round the homeland periphery have also been mined. The outcome of these operations must result in a terrific handicap to the Japanese, and the ultimate crippling of their internal transport systems

THE BOMBING OF THE JAPANESE MAINLAND

With Pictures of the Enemy's Successful Attack on the American Carrier *Franklin*



AN ESSEX CLASS CARRIER—THE U.S.S. "FRANKLIN"—AFTER A PACIFIC ORDEAL WHICH FEW WARSHIPS COULD SURVIVE: Gutted by flames, listing badly, suffering from more than 1,000 casualties, the Carrier prepares for a long journey back to New York for repair

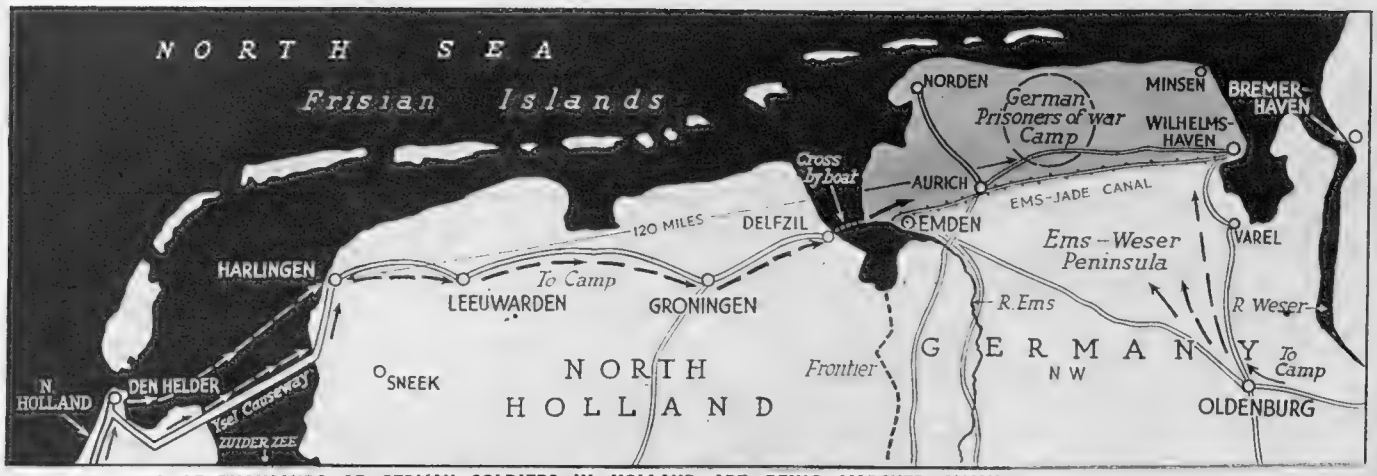
FLAMES ENCIRCLE ONE OF THE "FRANKLIN'S" 5-IN. GUN-TURRETS after the ship had received hits from two 500-lb. armour-piercing bombs. Jets of fire flicker from the muzzles of the guns

Blackened and blistered, the aircraft-carrier *Franklin* recently arrived from the Pacific at the New York Navy Yard for repairs, rescued by the almost incredible valour and resolution of her crew from destruction two months ago, only 60 miles from the coast of Japan. Of her crew of 3,000, 832 are dead or missing and 270 others are wounded. The *Franklin* was one of a task force of warships whose aeroplanes had been attacking airfields on Kyushyu. On March 19 a Japanese dive-bomber broke through her protecting fighters and hit her with two 500-lb. bombs. Instantly aeroplanes on her deck burst into flames, rockets shot in all directions and streams of high-octane petrol from broken pipes caught fire. Bombs exploded and machine-gun ammunition below caught fire. Amid these multiplying explosions and fires, the crew fought to save the ship. After being assisted by other warships, which also defended them against Japanese attacks, *Franklin's* crew got steam back into the boilers and got her under way again. She reached Pearl Harbour, and a day later set out on the long voyage home

THE BOMBING OF THE INDUSTRIAL CITIES AND WAR PLANTS OF JAPAN: Nagoya, third city and principal aircraft production centre of the country, receives 3,500 tons of incendiaries dropped from low levels by 500 Super-Fortresses—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Nagoya is situated on the Japanese "home" island of Honshu: it is the site of several of Japan's largest aircraft plants and the third city of the country. In common with a number of other industrial centres, it is now being subjected to intensive bombing attacks by large forces of American heavy aircraft, with the avowed object of destroying Japan's war-potential—in the same way, but in even more concentrated form, that Germany's plants were blasted out of existence before the final surrender in May. The attack depicted in Mr. Davies' drawing above was the fourth to be carried out at Nagoya. More than 500 Super-Fortresses took part and dropped 3,500 tons (or seven tons per aircraft) of incendiaries from low levels at night. Already, a quarter of the city had been laid waste in previous raids: this attack must have substantially added to the devastation amongst the many war plants in and around the city

AN EPIC OF THE PACIFIC WAR: THE CRUISER "SANTE FE," IN FOREGROUND, PULLS AWAY FROM THE BURNING ESSEX-CLASS CARRIER "FRANKLIN" as the badly-listing vessel—victim of a Jap dive-bombing attack—seems almost about to capsize. Driven back by flames and exploding bombs and rockets, members of the gallant ship's crew cluster forward on the flight-deck awaiting assignment to fire-fighting parties. Though suffering tremendous damage, the "Franklin" limped back thousands of miles to the Brooklyn Navy Yard for repairs (*see note at left*)



HOW THE TENS OF THOUSANDS OF GERMAN SOLDIERS IN HOLLAND ARE BEING MARCHED AWAY to a great concentration area in North-West Germany for disarmament. The journey takes three weeks on foot, and it will not be till the end of June that Holland will be clear of the last of the Germans

The GREAT TREK BACK to GERMANY

Or, the Answer to the Question, "What Has Become of the Wehrmacht?"

Hundreds of miles of narrow Dutch roads were choked with crawling grey columns as the evacuation of the main body of Colonel-General Blaskowitz's Twenty-fifth German Army began at the end of May. The Germans were marching to Den Helder to be embarked in British tank-landing craft to be taken to Harlingen. There they resume their foot trek to Germany. It is estimated that by the end of June the Germans will be out of Holland, except for small rear parties. Most of the Germans setting out were starting on a three-weeks tramp to their final concentration area in the north of the Wilhelmshaven-Emden peninsula. The Germans have been allowed to take ten horses and five carts for every 180 men, but only those suffering from certified disabilities are allowed to ride. Two bicycles are permitted to 500 men for the purpose of delivering messages. Nearly 100,000 Germans will eventually reach Germany. Most of them will walk the whole of the 250 miles, except for the crossing of the Zuyder Zee. Long columns of young Germans are already trudging along the roads, their formations interspersed with horse-drawn carts loaded with food. Canadian Bren-gun carriers accompany them. The Dutch watch without demonstration. The Germans are being allowed the minimum of horse transport, so that the maximum number of horses can be returned to the Dutch from whom they were stolen

LANDING CRAFT ON THE ZUYDER ZEE, COLUMNS OF HORSE-DRAWN VEHICLES AND MEN ON FOOT ON THE GREAT YSEL CAUSEWAY—the remnants of the defeated German Twenty-fifth Army—setting out for the ruined Reich, for disarmament and eventual return to their homes

A DEMOBILISATION CONVOY ON THE ZUYDER ZEE: Landing craft loaded with German prisoners of war crossing from Den Helder to Harlingen, away from the Low Countries

A BRITISH LANDING CRAFT LOADED WITH GERMAN SOLDIERS OF BLASKOWITZ'S TWENTY-FIFTH ARMY crossing to Harlingen on the first stage of the return trip to the Reich. They will then march on foot for three weeks to reach their concentration area

HORSE-DRAWN COVERED WAGONS in a convoy of Nazi troops passing through Hilversum, Holland, returning to Germany for demobilisation

GERMANS IN A STOLEN FARM-CART lead a bedraggled column of enemy troops to a concentration point fixed by the Allies in Holland

The demobilisation of the defeated German armed forces is now in full swing. Throughout Europe columns of men and convoys of vehicles of all kinds are being sent back to Germany. Priority classes for return to civilian life have been ordered for men who were formerly miners or farmers, and these are being put to work without delay

GERMAN SOLDIERS ARE DISARMED AT THE DANISH FRONTIER: *On left*—Resting by the roadside with arms piled. *On right*—Moving off after disarmament between taped lines. After the German capitulation, the enemy troops in Denmark made their way back towards their own country, sleeping and feeding by the roadside. They were allowed to retain their personal arms until they reached the Danish-German frontier, and there they were finally disarmed

IN GERMANY, THE WORK OF REHABILITATION BEGINS BY THE BRITISH ARMY by the construction of a permanent Bailey Bridge across the River Rhine, whereby supplies can be transported into the country to get German industry going again

The rehabilitation of Germany is an immense task that involves not only attention to the finest details, but also much labour. The German people are being encouraged to get their country working again on the basis that "a repaired house is better than no house." Supplies have to be brought into the country for this purpose, and the quantities required demand that transport must have good roads and easy access to the big towns and cities. One of the biggest obstacles is the River Rhine, so British troops set about building a permanent bridge across it, capable of taking the heaviest loads for long periods. The 936 Port Construction and Repair Company of the R.E. was given the task of bridging the river at Rees, just above the site of the assault crossings. The bridge was started on April 18, and the last section was swung into position on May 16, 1945

IN GERMANY TO-DAY

Scenes from the Reich, now under the Government of the Allies

HOW THE GERMAN FACTORIES WERE DRIVEN UNDERGROUND BY THE ALLIED BOMBERS : The layout of a typical Nazi war plant, constructed in tunnels under a hill and with camouflaged entrances—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Allied observers have now had the opportunity of examining numbers of such factories as the one illustrated here. It was found by the Seventh Army under a 600-ft. hill above the River Neckar at Neckarlz, 30 miles from Heidelberg. Here the Daimler-Benz Motor Company had installed an up-to-date plant and machinery, where war work could be carried out under complete immunity. The bombing by Allied aircraft caused far more dislocation to German industry than German bombing caused in Britain

HOW THE S.S. ARE BEING ROUNDED UP BY THE BRITISH after denunciations made by anti-Nazi Germans : When the German Army surrendered, hundreds of the Schutz Staffel (Himmler's special troops, who were the black-shirted elite of the Storm Troopers) went into hiding. Some of them removed the S.S. signs from their uniforms and went to work on farms, hoping to escape detection. Others went to their homes and changed into civilian clothes, thinking they would be quite safe. To-day an intensive search is being made throughout Germany by British and Allied troops, and now it is the turn of the Blackshirts to tremble at the sound of a knock at the door. This man was a sergeant-major in the S.S. He fled to his home and changed into civilian clothes. He is seen being taken from his home by men of the 9th Battalion, Durham Light Infantry. He had been denounced by the German officer in the rear

THE MAN WHO INVENTED THE V 2 ROCKET BOMB, now a prisoner in Allied hands in the Austrian Alps : On the left in this picture is Major-General Walther Dornberger, commander of the V 2 experimental laboratory at Peenemunde ; next to him is Lieut.-Colonel Herbert Axter, a German scientist. Professor Wernther von Braun, thirty-three years of age (with his arm in a sling), is the inventor of the V 2 rocket with which the Germans hoped to win the war at the eleventh hour. With him is Hans Lindenberg, another scientist. All of them surrendered to Seventh Army troops when the Russians threatened to overrun their laboratory. They fled to the Austrian Alps. Von Braun, his arm fractured in a car accident, said he thought if Germany had had the industrial power to produce the V 2, it might have changed the course of the war : he was positive it will shape the course of the next war

HOW THE GERMAN PEOPLE ARE BEING REMINDED OF THE BESTIALITY OF THE NAZIS : German men and women are given first-hand information of the horrors and crimes of Dachau, Buchenwald and other camps by means of posters in their main streets. On these are reproductions of photographs and letterpress which describe the scenes witnessed by responsible persons at those places. This group was gazing at a series of new pictures posted on one of the buildings in the King's Plaza at Munich : it is headed—" Whose guilt ? "

GERMAN SOLDIERS IN A PRISON CAMP TAKE LEAVE OF THEIR GIRL-FRIENDS : The women are clad in the uniform of a German Workers' Branch ; they are taking leave of a group of soldiers rounded up as prisoners of war in Salzburg, Austria, before the men were sent off to a collection point inside the main section of the city. This picture was taken within the area now occupied by the U.S. Seventh Army

TO AID THE ALLIED MILITARY GOVERNMENT, SPECIALLY-PRINTED NEWSPAPERS HAVE BEEN DROPPED BY ALLIED AIRCRAFT OVER GERMAN TOWNS, giving the citizens the latest war news and telling them of the instructions they must obey. This method was successfully employed just after the German surrender, when it was essential to convey information to the hundreds of thousands of slave labourers who were beginning to flood the roads of Germany. The newspapers and leaflets were printed in four languages. Since then, other newspapers—actually printed in German offices—have been produced and distributed in occupied territory, giving the latest news and proclamations from an Allied point of view, and giving details of the elimination of the Nazi Party and officials. Note the bomb damage, most of it still uncleared : this is typical of practically every town which lay in the path of the Allies—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

IN CENTRAL EUROPE

AFTER THE GERMAN CAPITULATION

Where the Armies of the Three Allied Powers Meet

—Special Sphere Drawings

THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF WESTERN AUSTRIA: THE EXTRAORDINARY SITUATION IN AN AREA WHERE BRITISH TROOPS FACE AMERICAN, RUSSIAN AND YUGOSLAV FORCES across the rivers and strips of No-Man's-Land in Central Europe. Klagenfurt and the province of Carinthia, one of the "storm centres," are shown in the centre of the view—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The British Army has been the occupying Power in Western Austria since the capitulation of May 7. Both geographically and politically, it is one of the districts of Europe most disturbed by international stress. The district is, roughly, a parallelogram thrusting north-eastwards into the mountain ranges which cover so much of this part of Austria. Its northern face runs along the ridge of the Tauern Alps to Leizen. The British are on one side of the line, the U.S. Army on the other. From this north-eastern corner, the line turns southwards, through Styria to Carinthia. All the above-mentioned area is so wild that S.S. undesirables might hide for many months in the recesses of these forest-clad ravines. The line down to Klagenfurt, the provincial capital of Carinthia, is held on the eastern side by Russian troops, who advanced from the area of Graz, the once-busy town of Southern Austria. To the west the line runs through the Villach area to the Puster Valley gap. To the south lies the disturbed area of Trieste and the Northern Italian plain

GERMAN S.S. MEN IN AUSTRIA ARE CONFINED IN THEIR OWN P.O.W. CAGES: When the German troops in Austria surrendered, thousands of Allied prisoners of war were automatically released from various camps. To-day, the Germans themselves are occupying these camps, with British troops as their guards. The majority of the Germans are S.S. men, or troops of the First Panzer Division. They have to feed themselves from their own rations—a job at which they do not excel. Here is a general view of one of the camps, which holds some 5,000 German prisoners

THE GENERAL AND THE RUSSIAN GIRLS: Lieut.-General William H. Simpson, of the U.S. Ninth Army, with two of the Russian entertainers who were present at a party in honour of Colonel-General Tsvetaiev, of the Red Army, when the two Commanders met recently

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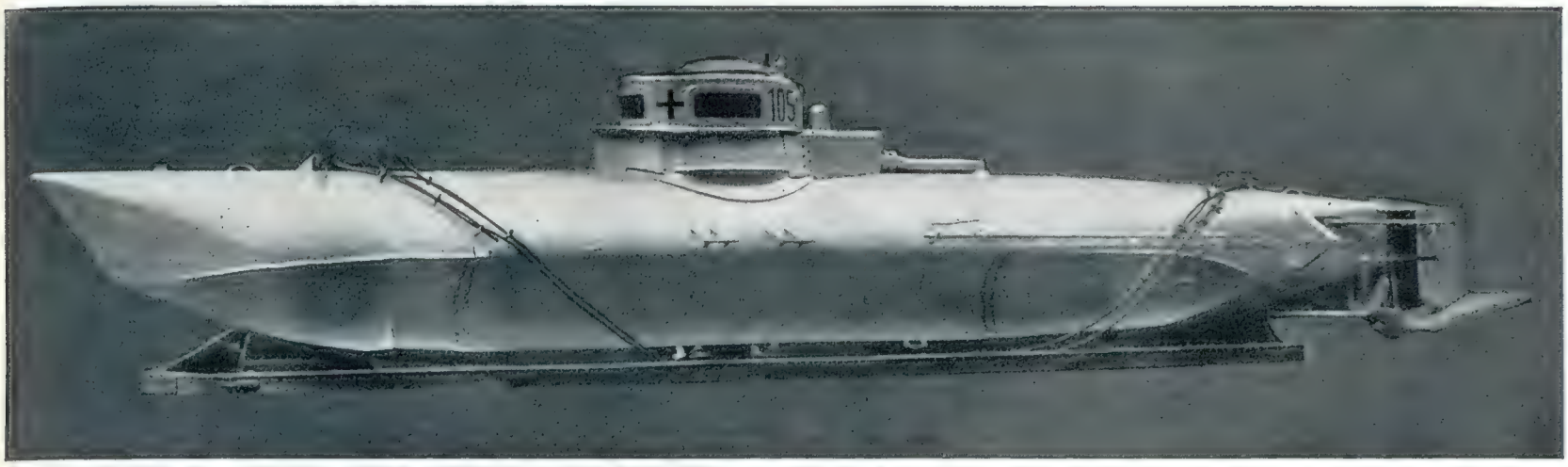
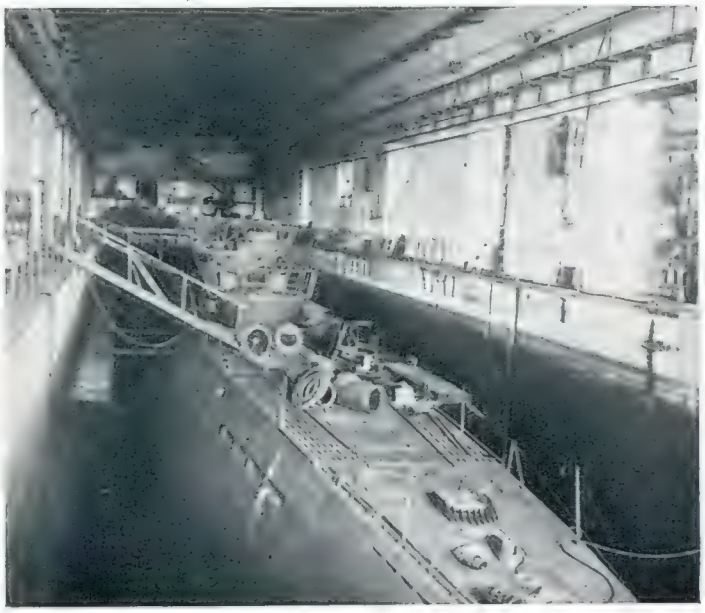
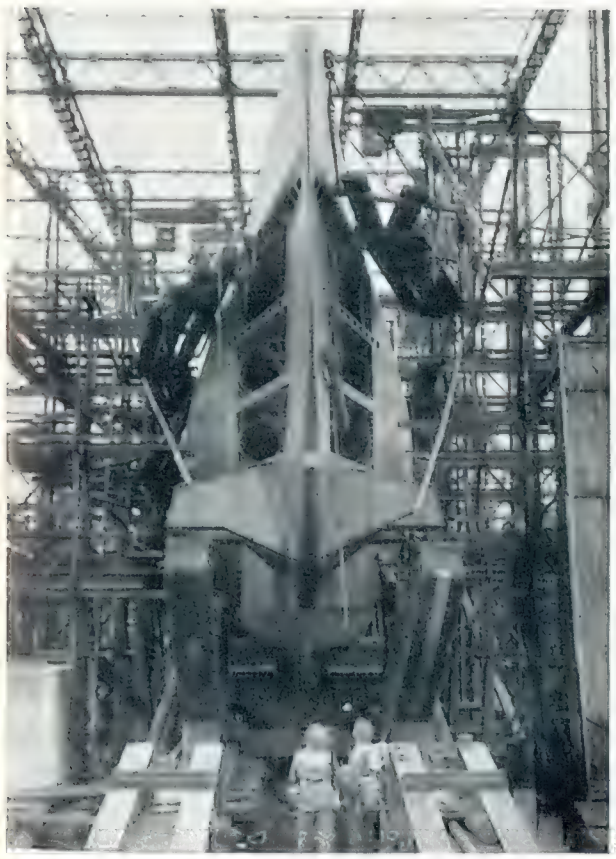


A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF A ONE-MAN GERMAN SUBMARINE OF THE BIBER TYPE: It is 29 ft. 6 ins. in length and can carry two torpedoes—one on each side—or mines This type of vessel had a surface speed of 6½ knots and could travel over a distance of 100 miles. It could submerge to a depth of 60 ft. This picture was taken as the vessel was being transported to a Piccadilly showroom for public exhibition

A MIDGET U-BOAT ON THE SURFACE BEING SECURED TO A BOAT FOR TOWING: During the closing phases of the war, a total of eighty-one of these tiny, but lethal, craft were sunk or captured in the North Sea and Channel



IN ONE OF THE SUBMARINE PENS IN ST. NAZAIRE: This vessel was taken over by the Americans after the German surrender. It was in the pens for a general overhaul, after a commission which had lasted for 110 days and during the course of which the U-boat had been cruising in Japanese waters. The submarine was of huge size, with a considerable deck area



A SUBMARINE ON THE STOCKS IN HAMBURG: Six torpedo-tubes can be seen in the bow of this captured U-boat. Some of these vessels were giants, capable of sailing thousands of miles and carrying considerable stores and cargo to distant points

AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BOMB-PROOF SUBMARINE PENS AT TRONDHEIM, IN NORWAY: These massive concrete pens were built by the Nazis to protect the U-boats from Allied bombing attacks during periods of repair and overhaul. A string of such pens extended from northern Norway right down to the Biscay coast. Block-busters of the R.A.F. were used against some of them—and with good results during air raids

THE PALACE OF THE KINGS OF NAPLES IS NOW HEADQUARTERS FOR THE R.A.F. : The Meteorological Officer and his staff use gilt satin-covered stools in the richly-decorated Met. Room. Built as a summer residence for the Kings of Naples, and later occupied as a staff college for the Reggia Aeronautica and as headquarters and barracks for the Hermann Goering Division, the Royal Palace at Caserta, near Naples, is now an Allied headquarters. The palace has 1,200 rooms and 1,878 windows ; it is being shared by units of the United States Army and of the Allied Air Forces. The men work in surroundings of great splendour, with beautiful pictures on the walls and luxurious furniture

WHAT'S GOING ON IN EUROPE TO-DAY

Pictures from Countries Where the Battle has Now Ceased

MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE DRAWS THE ARMY'S LEAVE BALLOT IN ROME : On May 18, 1945, at the Alexander Club in Rome, Miss Cicely Courtneidge drew numbers from a revolving barrel for British troops due for leave in England. With her were two members of her show, Hyacinth Hazell and Doreen Arden. After the draw, Brigadier Alban Low, Commander of British troops in Rome, presented the three ladies with bouquets of flowers. In the picture above, Miss Courtneidge is using a megaphone to announce the number drawn from the drum. On the right is Brigadier Low

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ARMOURED DIVISION ON PARADE AT MONZA, IN ITALY : At the Monza motor-racing track (north-east of Milan), Commodore F. C. Sturrock, Minister of Railways and Harbours and Acting Minister of Defence for the Union of South Africa, took the salute at the march-past of the entire 6th South African Armoured Division. Also present at the saluting-base were General Sir Pierre Ryneveld (South African Chief of Staff), General Mark W. Clark (Commanding 15th Army Group) and the Corps and Divisional Commanders of the Fifth Army

M. HERRIOT RETURNS TO LYONS AND IS RE-ELECTED MAYOR : M. Edouard Herriot, former Premier of France, who was a prisoner of the Germans and released by the Russians, has arrived home in Lyons, where the citizens re-elected him Mayor. While in Paris General de Gaulle invested him with the Legion of Honour, which he refused from Marshal Pétain in 1942. Here M. Herriot is seen with the family of one of the five patriots shot by the Germans during the occupation at the spot on the Place Bellecour where the executions took place

BERLIN UNDER THE RUSSIANS : German civilians begin the work of clearing up the Manteufelstrasse : Wearing self-imposed white "surrender" armlets, Berlin civilians, organised in street parties, are busy clearing up the streets of the wrecked capital. Allied bombing and Russian shelling have left little more than basements intact Some of the men wear an odd assortment of Wehrmacht uniform and civilian clothes. Manteufelstrasse, seen in our wireless picture above, is situated in the West End of Berlin

AT THE OFFICE OF THE SOVIET MILITARY COMMANDANT IN THE CITY OF BERLIN : Amongst the busiest people now in Berlin are the Soviet Military Commandants in the districts of the wrecked capital. Thousands of Berliners crowd the offices anxious to obtain permits for everything. They produce all sorts of letters and documents to prove themselves old-established anti-Nazis, and to ingratiate themselves with the Russians many wear white "surrender" armlets. Any number of denunciations of neighbours are made to try and influence the Soviet authorities. Note the expressions on the faces of the two Germans behind the counter in right foreground

A CONFERENCE FOR THE RELIEF OF YUGOSLAVIA between Military Liaison, U.N.R.R.A. and the Yugoslav State Commission, at Split : The parties are Brigadier C. F. Forrester-Walker, Major Karl Zagar, Stjepan Rosin, Captain Franjo Puskaritch, Colonel F. L. Whitley and Mr. Alan Hall. Brigadier Forrester-Walker is Chief of Military Liaison in Yugoslavia ; Colonel F. L. Whitley is Deputy Chief of Military Liaison ; Major Karl Zagar is Vice-President of the Yugoslav State Commission, and has fought with the partisans. Mr. Hall, Australian-born, founded "Quality Inn" restaurants in London, and is now Acting Chief of U.N.R.R.A. in Yugoslavia ; Stjepan Rosin was born in Brac, went to America at the age of one year and was brought up in Tacoma, Washington. He is now a member of the Yugoslav State Commission in Split. Captain Franjo Puskaritch is a member of the Yugoslav State Commission

A SCHOONER UNLOADS RED CROSS RELIEF SUPPLIES on the quayside at Split : Of all the countries in Europe which have suffered from the ravages of war, Yugoslavia is possibly making the greatest effort to reorganise. Shortage of all materials is making the work difficult, but much is being done by hard work and improvisation. Military Liaison started the work of relief for Yugoslavia, and U.N.R.R.A. have now taken over ; but the bulk of the work is done by the Yugoslavs themselves. There are many small ports on the Yugoslav-Adriatic coast. Some are only able to take schooners laden with relief supplies, but at the main ports of Suourae (near Split) and Cruz (near Dubrovnik), Liberty ships as well as schooners are able to put in, and large quantities of goods can be handled

FIGHTING MALARIA IN GREECE : A malarial stream is canalised by Greek labourers. Greek labourers, under British Army supervision, are disinfecting and canalising various localities in and around Athens as an anti-malarial precaution. Lieut.-Colonel Hopkins, of the R.A.M.C., is in charge of the work. Canalising consists of building up slow-moving streams into fast-moving streams by dropping earth and stones into the river-bed. The motion of the canal lessens the chances of mosquitoes breeding in the water. In addition, many of the farms on the outskirts of Athens have had their sties and sheds sprayed with anti-malarial fluid

A VIEW OF THE MALARIA-BREEDING STREAM SEEN ON THE LEFT, after it had been cleared and canalised by the Greeks

VENICE IS STILL PICTURESQUE : Here is a view of some of the many gondolas which still ply for hire on the canals. The beauty of this historic and picturesque town has been but little affected by the war, which seems to have passed it by

THE TASK OF REBUILDING THE TOWN OF ST. MALO HAS BEGUN : Civilians of the French town of St. Malo, on the Brest Peninsula in France, are trying to rebuild the historic old city, which is badly damaged. They are hoping to rebuild it exactly as it was before the war, and mark each stone as they dig it out so that they will know where it belongs. Here a couple of French civilians are sawing wood—part of the tedious job of trying to rebuild the city as it was before the war. The old stones will be used to form the fabric of the new buildings. In the background another man is seen trimming the stones

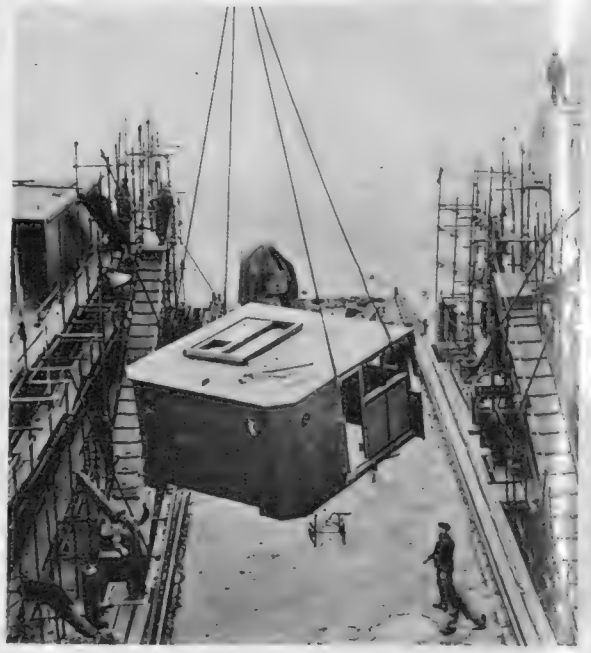
BRITAIN'S SHIPYARDS ARE STILL WORKING AT FULL PRESSURE : The scene at a yard near Hull where general cargo-ships (known as "shelts") are being launched at the rate of one a week

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE YARD AND HAVEN NEAR HULL where the ships are built—mainly for Britain's part in the coming intensive campaign in the Far East

MORE WARTIME SECRETS REVEALED

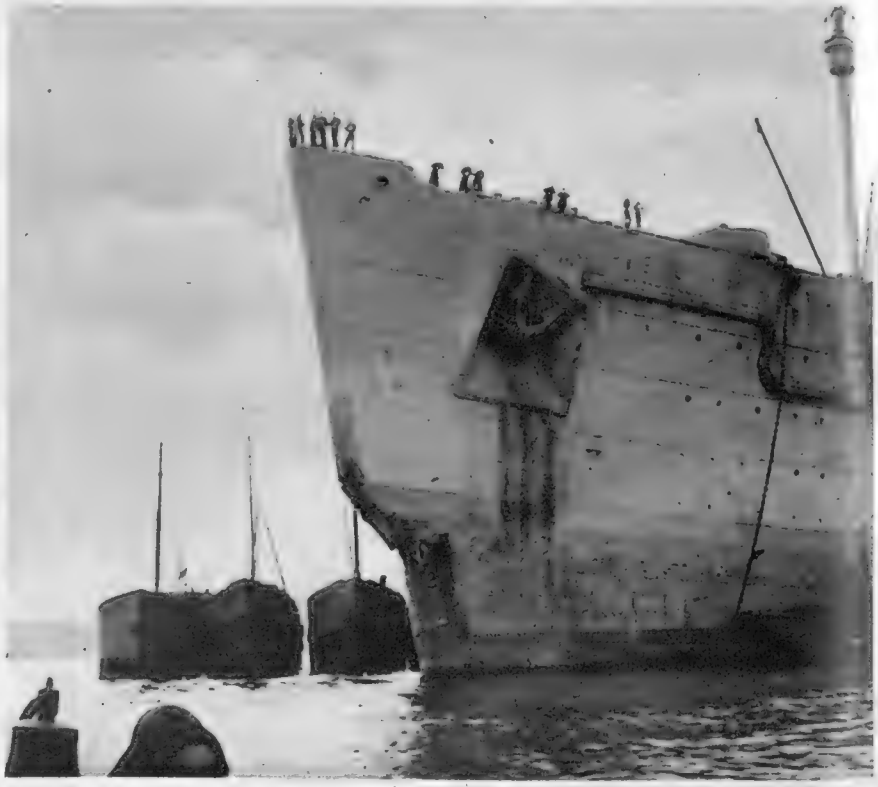
—Mostly Naval and Air

Mass-production shipbuilding has enabled Britain to maintain her position in the shipbuilding world whereby ships, such as those illustrated above, are built in sections, or units, in factories scattered over a wide area and transported by road to the shipyard, there to be hoisted into position by huge cranes and welded together electrically. The vessel is then launched and the final fitting out is proceeded with afloat, thus leaving the slipway clear for further units to be assembled. America has developed this idea in a phenomenal manner, and cargo vessels exceeding 10,000 tons are constructed by this method in record-breaking time



A WHEEL-HOUSE, PREFABRICATED, BEING LOWERED INTO POSITION : The numbered units arrive by road ; they are then hoisted into position by cranes and welded

A NEW BRITISH DESTROYER IS LAUNCHED—in public for the first time in 5½ years : H.M.S. "Alamein," destroyer flotilla leader, gliding down the slipway at the Hebburn-on-Tyne yard of Messrs. Hawthorn Leslie and Co. The naming of the destroyer flotilla leader *Alamein*, launched by Hawthorn Leslie and Co., Ltd., Hebburn, a few days ago, can be regarded as the Admiralty's tribute to the Army for their splendid victory at the battle of El Alamein. The association was carried further by the fact that Lady Alexander, wife of Field-Marshal Alexander, named the ship. Hawthorn Leslie have launched fifty-five ships during the war, forty-two of them warships and thirteen large merchant ships



AFTER THE "QUEEN MARY" HAD CUT THROUGH THE BRITISH CRUISER "CURACAO" IN THE AUTUMN OF 1942 : A view of her damaged bow after the accident. The secret of a disastrous collision which took place in the autumn of 1942 off Ireland's west coast was kept closely, but now the above picture can be published. The cruiser *Curacao* was cut in half, right through the engine-room, by the famous liner *Queen Mary* after a U-boat alarm had been sounded. Laden as she was with troops, the liner could not stop, despite that many casualties were caused amongst the cruiser's complement

MORE ABOUT THE PIPE-LINE UNDER THE OCEAN ("PLUTO"): One of the bungalows which was used as a pumping station; the interior was removed and pumping engines installed. In the left background is one of the storage tanks

ANOTHER BRITISH WAR SECRET—"FIDO" (Fog Investigation Dispersal Operations): A R.A.F. Lancaster, (its outline blurred through the haze) taking-off between the two bands of flame as the fog is dispersed. "Operation Fido" is the wartime invention by which, for the first time in history, the problem of dispersing fog over airfields has been solved with such success that it is now a matter of routine. "Fido" has made landings and Allied offensive operations possible in conditions of fog which otherwise would have meant the loss of lives and machines, or the complete cessation of operations. Rundstedt's Christmas offensive in the Ardennes—the last German major offensive of the war, and launched in conditions of fog covering Europe—was halted at a critical period largely by the weight of Allied air attack because bombers were able to take off and land by "Fido" in spite of dense fog. The apparatus is particularly efficient in radiation fog, and frequently clears the air to a height of several hundred feet, with the result that sky and stars are visible over the runway. On a number of occasions, the glow of the burners on the aerodromes has been seen by air crews over the North Sea, and even from the Dutch coast

A NEW BRITISH SUBMARINE IS LAUNCHED by the daughter of the Third Sea Lord: This picture was taken at the launching, at a British shipyard, by Mrs. Geoffrey Eley, of yet another British under-water craft. Mrs. Eley is the elder daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir William Frederic Wake-Walker, Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy. Here she is seen about to send the new vessel on its way down the slips. On the left is Commander Micklam, managing director of the shipbuilders, Messrs. Vickers-Armstrong

A PUMPING STATION CAMOUFLAGED UNDER THE SHINGLE NEAR DUNGENESS: 1,000,000 gallons a day were sent through the pipe-line to the troops operating on the Continent. The news, already made public, about "Operation Pluto" has revealed that, by means of a pipe-line on the sea-bed, 1,000,000 gallons of petrol flowed out daily to the Allied armies in France after the invasion of the Continent. The whole scheme was a triumph of British organisation. Bungalows were used as pumping stations and storage tanks, with camouflaged underground stations and transformer plants which extended over a ten-mile area in the Dungeness district

THE CANADIAN MINESWEEPER WHICH CAPTURED A GERMAN WARSHIP: A whaler from H.M.C.S. "Thunder" puts a prize crew aboard the enemy armed trawler. Believed to be the first minesweeper of the Navy ever to capture a German warship and crew intact, the Canadian Bangor-class minesweeper *Thunder* recently captured and piloted into a British port a German armed trawler and took its fourteen-man crew as prisoners. The ship was captured without a struggle. The *Thunder* was attracted to the German trawler by a French aircraft which flew over her, the pilot waving frantically. The German captain was on the bridge and the crew clustered on the fo'c'sle. Then the whole crew threw their hands up. Stark fright stood out on the faces of the German sailors as they stared up into the muzzles of the 3-in. and Oerlikon guns of the Canadian vessel, so it is reported

THERE APPEARS TO BE PLENTY OF FISH FOR EASTERN ENGLAND—a recent scene on the quayside at Grimsby: Abnormal quantities of fish appear to have been pouring into this fishing port during recent days. Some of the catches are here being packed for distribution throughout the British Isles. Fishing fleets of many of the liberated nations have joined our own men in harvesting the reopened central area of the North Sea, which represents 20,000 square miles. Britain may yet be very glad of the harvest of the sea

The OUTLOOK for the BRITISH MOTORIST

When the New Cars Will be Available; What They Will Cost; What They Will Look Like—and Other Answers to Your Questions

By CHARLES GRAVES

THOUSANDS of pre-war motorists who have put their cars away for the duration of the war will have received a letter from their Insurance Companies similar to the one which has just reached me :

"Dear Sir—We see from our records that we previously insured your motor-car. We expect you will be putting your car into use again, or purchasing another, and if this is so, we shall be very pleased to insure it for you. . . ."

Personally, I sold my Packard when the blitz was at its height. Many other people must similarly have disposed of their motor-cars, and the question now arises—when new motor-cars, and what kinds of motor-cars, will be available again. Interest is added to the question by the return of the basic petrol ration, small though it is.

Having made a number of enquiries, I have established the following facts. Several new cars will be delivered within the next month, but the numbers will not be substantial until the late summer. Of these, 50 per cent. will have to be exported, as the Government demands. Those purchasable in this country will only be available to people who can provide a licence to buy. Doctors, borough surveyors, and others whose business is really genuinely affected by the possession of a motor-car, will probably absorb a very high percentage of the exiguous numbers which will be available. These cars will be the 1940 models which would have been displayed at the Earl's Court Motor Show in 1939 if the war had not intervened. They will be found to contain a number of minor improvements. There will be more petrol economy, many of them will be roomier, and they will be more reliable in every way. Thanks to the continuation of the Purchase Tax, a 10-h.p. car will cost a minimum of £350.

It will not be for eighteen months that advantage can be taken of the new tax formula based on the cubic capacity of the engine. When that time comes it will be found that motor-cars will probably be able to travel nearly 100,000 miles before decarbonisation is necessary. Desert warfare has led to great advances in the apparatus for cleaning the air breathed by the engine. Big improvements, too, have been made in sealing devices used at such points where a rotating shaft emerges, such as in gear-boxes and axles. These devices will contribute much, and will possibly eliminate dust and grit on fine mechanisms. Much has also been learned during the war about vibration and its insulation. This should result in greater comfort, smoother running, and the reduction of fatigue over long journeys. As for the introduction of taxation on a cubic capacity basis, the performance of the engines of motor-cars which one will be able to buy in 1946-47 will be vastly improved. They will pull more steadily on top gear, and will have lower piston speeds, and therefore longer life.

The difficulty is that various items in the manufacture of motor-cars are in short supply. The ball-bearing position is crucial, so is that of trimmings, such as motor-car carpets. There is any amount of wool, but not enough labour. For this reason, fancy additions, like radio sets, cannot be expected for a long time to come.

Another headache for the manufacturers is the price of steel, which is 50 per cent. more than it was in 1939. For this the coal-miners are strictly responsible. It takes some tons of coal and coke to produce a single ton of steel; so the higher the cost of coal, the greater the cost of steel, so essential in the manufacture of motor-cars. Negotiations over the cost of the latter have been continuing in Sheffield for nearly a year. And it is not merely the engine and the more obvious parts of a motor-car which are affected by the cost of coal. Anything which is fabricated has to be treated with heat at some stage or other of its manufacture.

In view of the shortage in the supply of new motor-cars, it looks at the moment as if the best bet will be to buy reconditioned Service cars from the manufacturers, who are to be allowed to buy them back. At least they will have some of the improvements made since 1940. It would appear, however, that it will be necessary to have a licence to buy even these. They will have a ninety days' guarantee, and purchasers will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have been O.K.'d by the manufacturers whose names they bear—Austin, Morris, Vauxhall, Ford, for example. They will be sold at controlled prices. Most of them, of course, are likely to go to the Continent, as well as the vast bulk of the American Service cars, which have been seen in such profusion in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square and Piccadilly, among other places.

The question of when one will be able to go touring is entirely dependent on the speed with which the Japanese are finished off. It appears that numbers of planters in the Far Eastern rubber-growing countries overrun by the Japanese were given permission to avoid the concentration camps if they kept the plantations going. Many of them accepted these terms. If, therefore, the Japanese collapse quickly and too soon to destroy the rubber-trees which, being planted at regularly-spaced intervals, could easily be overrun by groups of tanks, motoring on a pre-war scale may come into its own quite quickly. For it is not the lack of petrol which is holding up the increase of the basic ration; it is almost entirely the question of tyres. And though synthetic tyres have proved to be much better than was expected, they need a certain modicum of raw rubber.

In the meantime, the whole Motor Industry, which was so largely responsible for the successful prosecution of the war after the fall of Dunkirk, when all our losses were replaced within four months, feels that the brake on its original function of providing civilian cars should be removed as soon as possible. But as long as the Chancellor of the Exchequer demands a revenue of about £90,000,000 a year from vehicles and fuel, trade revival will be very difficult, especially as the present Purchase Tax of 33⅓ per cent. on factory costs is added. It is reasonable, of course, that the Department of Overseas Trade should insist on as many British motor-cars for export as possible. In 1938 there were over 5,000,000 motor-cars in use in the importing countries. Of these, nearly half must be due for replacement in the near future, and experts estimate that there is a market of a value approaching £500,000,000 for motor-cars overseas. If, however, the Motor Industry is to reap the benefits of the valuable overseas trade presented by these demands, it must be made possible for a wider section of the British public to become car-owners, because, of course, the volume of the home market is bound to influence the price at which the vehicles can be sold abroad. Manufacturers are already engaged on prototypes of the 1947 models, but a great deal depends on how long the Purchase Tax will be allowed to remain. The new cars will have a greater speed and more gear-shaft control, and much consideration will be given to external contours, as well as to the basic principles of air-conditioning. Speaking generally, however, it is impossible to pretend that the outlook is very rosy for those people who look forward to the same pleasure of motoring which they enjoyed before the war. New cars will be hard to buy for a long time to come, and though there will undoubtedly be a number of small improvements on the 1939 models, it will not be until 1946 or 1947 that real post-war cars will be on the market.

This is certainly not the fault of the motor manufacturers, who, ever since the first horseless carriage, have been victimised by Government after Government. The private motor-car is still regarded by the Treasury as a luxury, though this ceased to be the case shortly after the Coronation of King George V. Time and again the surplus revenue from the Road Tax has been diverted to purposes quite unconnected with motoring. Altogether, it is high time that motor-car interests were at least as fully represented in the House of Commons as the miners, who return a bloc of forty-three M.P.s at each General Election. The curious thing is that every single M.P. must use a motor-car every week, hundreds of them must own one, and yet none of them seem to have the courage to speak up for the manufacturers. Other producers, like the brewers, for example, have many champions in the House of Commons. It certainly is time that the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders—the M.C.C. of the industry—organised a really effective form of parliamentary representation. Until this is done, there seems little hope of our getting our pre-war motoring back again.

ANOTHER NAVAL SECRET OF THE WAR REVEALED

THE CHAIN OF BARRIER ROADS CONSTRUCTED IN THE ORKNEYS to protect the Scapa Flow naval base against U-boat attacks. Laid over the causeways built earlier, these roads are now to remain: they will be of great use to visitors who take their cars north after peace conditions return. These roads were opened last month by Mr. A. V. Alexander, former First Lord of the Admiralty, when he visited the Orkneys. The barriers closed the channels of Kirk Sound, Holm Sound, Weddel Sound and Water Sound. In the last war and early in this, these channels were blocked against submarines and torpedo-craft by blockships. Overhead railways were built to carry hundreds of thousands of tons of material and concrete blocks and to drop these materials into the sea, which, after a few minor breachings of the barriers was prevented from ebbing and flowing in some channels at speeds exceeding eight knots. About two years ago it was possible to surface the causeways with roads, and last year, with the co-operation of Orkney County Council, they were made into the finest of the island roads

VIDKUN QUISLING ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE IN THE CROWDED LITTLE COURTROOM IN OSLO: The Norwegian "Führer" is in the dock on the left, guarded by two soldiers; he is facing Judge Gulbrandsen, who carried out the preliminary interrogation. In the centre of the picture is Mrs. Aagot Ryen, who represents the Norwegian people against whom Quisling's crimes were committed

A CLOSE-UP OF QUISLING AS HE SAT IN THE DOCK during the hearing at Oslo: It was he who gave the name of "quisling" to all war traitors

The Norwegians have lost no time in putting the most notorious of all quislings on trial in Oslo—Vidkun Quisling, who had appointed himself "Führer" in 1940 after Hitler had invaded Norway. At the trial he was accused of betraying his country, altering its constitution and ordering the death sentence for Norwegians. At the end of his interrogation in Oslo, the judge ordered that he should be kept in custody for three months until the police investigation is concluded. The final joke came when Quisling then said he would "appeal"!

UNPLEASANT PEOPLE

The Trial of Quisling: the Capture of Streicher and "Haw-Haw"

On right — The not-unkindly beard of the man on the right covers the more brutal appearance of Julius Streicher, sixty-one years of age. He was Gauleiter of Franconia until 1938, when he was turned out of office—only to return again early in 1945. He was notorious for his Jew-baiting and for his obscene newspaper, *Der Stuermer*. Streicher was captured in a farmhouse at Boskie, a small village 40 miles from Berchtesgaden, by the Americans. He figures on the list of German war criminals

HOW JULIUS STREICHER, THE NOTORIOUS NAZI JEW-BAITER, was found by the Americans: His beard was grown to aid his disguise after the German collapse

THE MOST INFAMOUS OF ALL THE BRITISH TRAITORS: William Joyce, "Lord Haw-Haw" of the German radio, after his capture near Flensburg. He was taken to the 74th British General Hospital in Luneburg, as he had been shot through the thigh by the British officer who caught him

THE WOMAN WITH JOYCE AT THE TIME OF HIS ARREST: Her maiden name was Margaret White; she is married to "Haw-Haw" and is a British subject

Known to all English people as "Lord Haw-Haw," William Joyce was arrested in the Flensburg area. He had been broadcasting from Germany since September 19, 1939, and indulging in the most flagrant of anti-British sentiments. Joyce was captured by two British officers: he was shot by one of them, as it appeared as if he was making to draw a gun. The bullet from the officer's revolver lodged in Joyce's thigh, but has since been extracted. With him was Mrs. Joyce. The trial of "Haw-Haw" is expected to take place in London soon

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

LITERARY PARALLELS.—It happened to me that, as an antidote to the emotions of the last lurid and hectic days before VE-Day, I took down from my shelves and read in succession Shorthouse's *John Inglesant* and Thackeray's *Esmond*. These two bedside favourites seemed to me to supply best what was necessary to counteract the poisons of revelations of prison-camp horrors and the mental exhaustion which sudden relief from years of anxiety and strain produced. Each of them transports the reader into another age, convincingly and without a whiff of "midnight oil." Both of these classics I would have claimed to "know backwards"; certainly I have read them many times and would have confidently faced an examination paper on both or either.

Yet I should have come off badly enough in such a test. Every man fond of reading has his "bedside dozen," books which he constantly re-reads through life, always finding in them new discoveries in thought or art which delight and surprise him as in a first reading. That, indeed, I take to be the prime or essential ingredient in the recipe for a "classic"—an inexhaustible vein of pleasant surprises which long familiarity never works out. My bedside dozen has varied very little since my youth; half at least have retained their places and rank for near forty years. A curious assortment—all meritorious in their genre, but varying greatly in intellectual rank, some being written by and for people of higher intellectual range, some for schoolboys and some for the drawing-room. But all share that element of unending surprise. My own list may make my meaning clearer.

Unchallengeably first remains *Pride and Prejudice; John Inglesant* and *Esmond* hold their places high up; so do *Lorna Doone* and *The Moonstone, The Children of the New Forest* and *Robinson Crusoe*; Stevenson at present is represented by *The Master of Ballantrae*, Trollope by *The Duke's Children* and *Barchester Towers*. E. Œ. Somerville's *Real Charlotte* has been there for twenty years, and (strangest bedfellow of all) Mrs. Wood's *Lord Oakburn's Daughters*. All this very mixed grill satisfies the essential condition of surprise and comprises my favourite diet and tonic in times of stress or illness. It would be quite impossible for me to compute the value in relief, recreation and comfort which these dozen books, so infinitely varied in nature and merit, have afforded me.

"Esmond" and "John Inglesant."—But in this paper I am concerned with but two of the dozen—*Esmond* and *Inglesant*—and the new surprises which they have given me are external rather than internal, of form rather than of matter. There are certain commonplace criticisms concerning them which have constantly been made. Both in a sense were the prime or unique creations of their authors; *Esmond*, because it was the only novel which Thackeray completed and revised before it saw print in periodic form; *Inglesant*, because it so clearly embodied the life's philosophy and soul's experience of Shorthouse, whose other works lag far behind in inspiration. (And the same may be said of Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*.)

The surprise sprung on me by reading these two again in quick succession is a complete surprise. I am astonished that I never before observed the extraordinary similarity in the earlier parts of the plots. The early training of Inglesant by the Jesuit Father Hall and the youthful upbringing of Esmond under the influence of Father Holt create a parallel too close for us to reject the probability that Shorthouse in 1880 was influenced by *Esmond*, published in 1852. Indeed, reading again these well-known classics in the drugged condition induced by the emotions of VE-Day, I became constantly confused between the two stories and mixed up the life at Castlewood with the life at Westacre in Johnny's early years.

This new-discovered parallel set me thinking of other literary parallels I had noticed in my reading. Very few occurred to me; the most obvious, I think, is the parallel between *Pride and Prejudice* and Miss Emily Eden's *Semi-attached Couple*, wherein the family of Douglas (*père et mère*, at least) of Thornbank clearly owed no little of its moderate merit to the genius of Miss Austen's creation of the Bennets of Longbourn. A more modern instance has been cited (not by me) in the parallels of plot in *The House with the Green Shutters* and one of Dr. Cronin's widely read novels.

I throw no stone at Shorthouse or Miss Eden. I know nothing of the modern instance. I am surprised that many more such parallels do not leap to my eye. The same *ideas* have been used (as new) by a million politicians and writers for generations and no one dreams of crying "Plagiarism"; on the contrary, we all subscribe to the truism: "There is no new thing under the sun."

It might easily be argued that it is more venal to borrow a political idea than to be influenced by a part of a plot or a set of characters in a work of fiction.

But the pleasant surprise of "discovering" this parallel in the early chapters of *Esmond* and *Inglesant* stimulates my interest in securing proofs, and, if time ever permits, I shall dip into the published biographies of Shorthouse to discover whether there be any information that when in the '60's he began to write this famous novel by a "one-book man" (who published a dozen more), he admitted the influence of *Esmond* upon the early chapters, which are also the best chapters. For, truth to tell, the second part of *Inglesant*—the Italian—is (with a few superb passages excepted) a sad falling-off. And small wonder; for I believe the author never visited Italy and derived his local colour from books and from half-a-dozen Italian views hung on the walls of his Edgbaston villa. But where both authors dealt with England, both "outran Time" and fitted themselves into their chosen periods as close as into gloves, with a sureness and a lack of affectation or "midnight oil" which are cited still as marvels of literary skill and the art of the historical novelist.

A Word of Caution.—Experience in my profession and, maybe, old age, have made me cautious of announcing my "literary discoveries." Other expeditions (all too often) have reached the Pole before me and set up their flag upon it. I well remember in my greener years making the thrilling discovery of (what indeed I might cite here) a literary parallel in *Hamlet*—the almost exact parallel between Polonius' advice to his son setting forth on his travels and Burleigh's (once) private letter to *his* son on the same occasion. The parallel was indisputable: how could Shakespeare have had access to Burleigh's family letter?

I published my discovery . . . and in a day or two my pride was gently lowered by a man of letters. "Every schoolboy knew" what I had tardily discovered! Burleigh's private letter to his son had (it appeared) become the jest and laughing-stock of every breakfast-table in London before *Hamlet* was written. Whether or no this fact is a Baconian bull-point or bear-point I do not know or care.

I accepted it as a fact at the time of that humbling of my pride in literary discoveries, and I have never questioned it since. If fact it be, Shakespeare (or Shaksper) was as much entitled to crib a current jest as were Shorthouse or Emily Eden to benefit from what was best in the novel-literature of their days, I presume. But the subject is interesting to me, and I wish some literary reader would supply me with a few more "obvious" parallels of the same kind.

WHAT HAPPENED IN ONE SMALL CORNER OF LONDON DURING THE FLYING-BOMB CAMPAIGN—an air view taken in April 1945 of the Lewisham Road, where three V-1's fell within a few yards of each other. In the centre of the picture is the scene of one of the flying-bomb incidents. This fell on Granville Park one early morning in June 1944. Only one person was taken to hospital. One house was destroyed, fourteen seriously damaged, and 200 slightly damaged. Commercial property, including a cinema, also suffered. Earlier in the month another bomb had fallen on Lewisham Hill (top right). In this case twelve people were killed and thirty-nine injured, seventeen seriously. Fourteen houses were destroyed, and many damaged, including a school. The property at the bottom of the picture was damaged by a third V-1, which fell on Cressingham Road one afternoon in July, killing one person and injuring six others. The main thoroughfare in the centre of the picture is Lewisham Road

Two New London Stage Productions

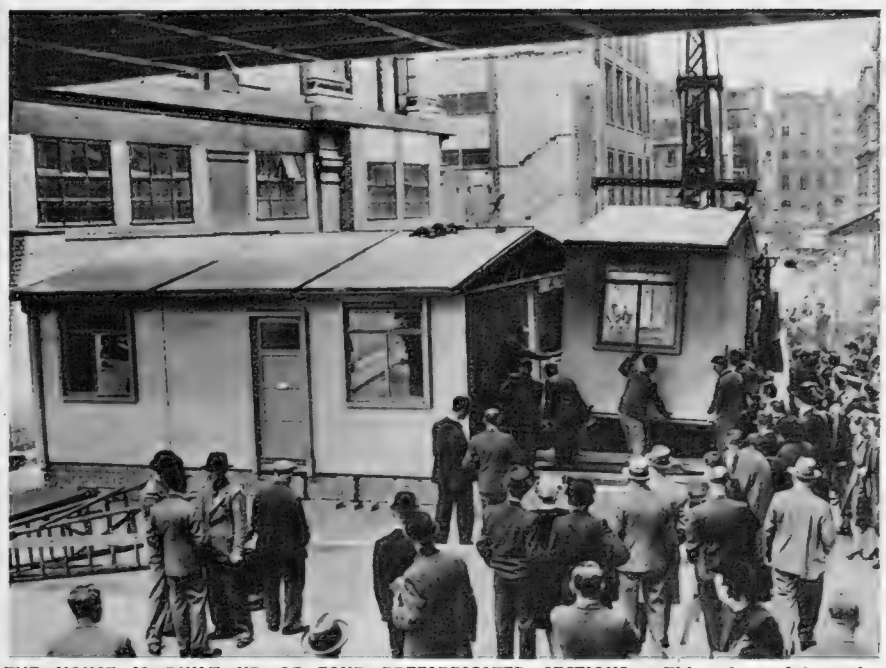
Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH (Phœnix Theatre).—Lunacy is no more amusing on the stage than off. But there are exceptions, and one of them is this queer play by Thornton Wilder, possibly because it is on a grand scale. The official description is "A History of the World in Comic Strip." We see an American family from the Ice Age to the present day, surrounded by grotesque monsters, surrealist scenery, figures such as Homer and Moses, and—well, a deuce of a muddle. Wild fun is there, and there is some brilliant acting. First prize to Miss Vivien Leigh as a soubrette warmly enchanting, even in the Ice Age. Mr. Laurence Olivier must have had a tough job as producer, but all was well.

The Night and the Music (Coliseum).—There is true Victory extravagance in this vast musical show—the first to be produced in London since the end of the war in Europe. Rarely on any stage have I seen such platoons of skaters, singers, dancers, acrobats, contortionists, and even Roman soldiers (not real ones), but very right in the Coliseum.

Mr. Robert Nesbitt has fashioned these folk into most joyous spectacular grace, and the costumes, settings and music do not lack artistry in plenty. I took a rather dim view of the so-called fun. Two chatty and restless Negroes bored me with their microphones, and I have known Mr. Vic Oliver in better form.

THE FOUR-SECTION, PREFABRICATED ALUMINIUM HOUSE NOW ON VIEW IN LONDON: The kitchen portion of the "Airoh House" being moved into position on a bombed site outside Selfridge's store



THE HOUSE IS BUILT UP OF FOUR PREFABRICATED SECTIONS: This view shows the fourth, and last, section being lowered into position by crane

The COMING of the ALUMINIUM HOUSE

The Aircraft Industries' Contribution to the Housing Problem

An aluminium house, factory-made in four sections, has been put up on a bombed site outside Selfridge's, the departmental store in Oxford Street, London. This lightweight house, which may play an important part in the solution of Britain's housing problem, was designed by the Aircraft Industries Research Organisation on Housing, and built by the Bristol Aeroplane Company, of Weston-super-Mare; it is called the "Airoh House." Electrical fittings are installed when the sections are constructed, being plugged in to the mains after assembly, which can be completed in four hours. Production of the "Airoh House" in aircraft factories ensures continuity of employment for men who have hitherto been engaged on making parts for aeroplanes, besides meeting a national demand for homes to replace those destroyed during the war

The CALAMITY of the WIERINGER SEA

A Dutch Plan to Reclaim a Vast Area Flooded by the Germans

Before the Germans surrendered in Holland they carried out a campaign to impoverish the country, and many districts were laid waste. Fifty thousand acres of the richest agricultural land in the world, wrested from the sea by centuries of toil, were flooded in the last days of fighting in the area north of Amsterdam; and to-day, on an islet in the middle of the new inland sea, Dutchmen of the municipality of Wieringermeer, comprising the waterlogged villages of Middenmeer, Slootdorp and Wieringerwerf, are planning the recovery of their soil. The work will begin early in June. Pumping operations, which will be greatly helped by the use of powerful British machines, specially shipped to Holland, may be completed in November, and the fertile Wieringerwerf will again be ready for exploitation

THE FLOODED VILLAGE OF WIERINGERWERF, surrounded by a vast area of water released when the Germans breached the dyke on April 16: Three whole villages were engulfed by the breaking of the walls

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WIERINGERMEER FLOODS: When the dykes were broken by the Nazis, the water gained the momentum of a tidal wave. Houses, farms and farm implements were swiftly engulfed

FLOOD WATERS LAP THE EAVES OF A HOUSE: The sea has risen almost to the tops of the trees. Had the water been salt, instead of fresh, the problem of reclamation would have been more difficult

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A TOPICAL PRIESTLEY NOVEL

Three Men Return to "Civvy Street"; A Poet Who Walked in the Sun; Bristol for Holidays; Furniture and Public Schools; Down Murder Lane

IN 1934 Mr. J. B. Priestley published *English Journey*—a book which, in English social history, ranks in importance with Cobbett's *Rural Rides*.

In 1940 Mr. Priestley made some broadcasts, the effect of which on the population of these islands, and indeed upon the whole world, can only properly be assessed when the complete history of the war comes to be written. **THREE MEN IN NEW SUITS** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is Mr. Priestley's twelfth novel. In bracketing it with the items mentioned above, I am calling attention to the fact that it is something more than a new Priestley novel, for it concerns a fundamental, indeed a vital, period in this country's history. As its title suggests, *Three Men In New Suits* deals with the problem of demobilisation and the reabsorption into civilian life of three typical fighting men.

Five-and-a-half years is a long time in the life of anyone. In the lifetime of a young man on the threshold it is a vital period. What did they learn in the fighting forces, except to be good soldiers, and perhaps better mechanics than their soldier fathers before them? Perhaps they learned to develop a greater individuality: there are signs that many thousands of them are more politically conscious than their fathers were at the uneasy armistice of 1918.

Alan Strete came from a fairly comfortable county family. Herbert Kenford was a farmer's son, and Eddie Mold a quarry worker—all from the same district. In the Army these three had experienced that kind of companionship which men uniquely achieve in a common endeavour in face of danger and within the confines of a rigid discipline.

In their new civvy suits they become individuals once more, each gravitating towards the life which had been built up for him since childhood. Yet the common bond remains, so that Herbert and Eddie have more than a passing interest in the misfitting of Alan back into his old life, while the other two can feel acutely the personal tragedy which Eddie Mold finds awaiting him.

In his long career as a novelist Mr. Priestley has scarcely created three more vibrantly alive characters than these young men, nor has he pointed their interrelated problems with greater effect, despite the shortness of his narrative. It is topical, timely and provocative; and this is how Alan Strete sums it up:

"'Somebody once wrote—I think it was Heine,' he continued, 'that every epoch is a Sphinx, which plunges into the abyss as soon as its problem is solved. And I know now what our problem is. It isn't how to produce a few brilliantly gifted individuals, how to procure for one small class the utmost luxury and refinement, how to give enormous power to a few groups, how to produce two or three colossal monuments of art or learning. Modern man is essentially co-operative and communal man. What we do best—and better than men have ever done in earlier ages—is never something that an individual can do, but always something that men have to create together. And our problem, which we must solve or the Sphinx will destroy us, is how to use this power of working together for the benefit of the largest possible common human denominator. There's something in us now that will not rest nor find any lasting satisfaction while most human beings still exist in poverty, ignorance and despair. We have to make the round earth our home. We have at last to have faith in people, compassion for people, whether they have white faces, brown faces or black faces. This hope of a home on earth, this faith and this compassion are now at the very centre of our lives. If we're moved by them, if we base all our actions on them, we begin to live, drawing strength from the waters of life. But if we pretend they aren't there, if we try to ignore the great task, then we cheat ourselves into cruelty and murder, sink into madness, turn into stone. And—by Heaven!—politics, economics, psychology, philosophy, religion—though they still speak with different voices, they all look the same way now. This is the choice. Either the earth must soon be the miserable grave of our species or it must be at last our home, where men can live at peace and can work for other men's happiness.'"

FORTHCOMING WEDDING: Miss Ellen Pollock and Mr. James Proudfoot. Miss Pollock is the well-known actress now starring in the Walham Green Grand Guignol, while her fiancé is the famous artist. He has a painting in this year's Royal Academy and is also the designer of the Walham Green Grand Guignol poster. Miss Pollock is the widow of Lieut.-Colonel L. F. Hancock, O.B.E., R.E., who was killed in Normandy last July.

Mr. Harry Brown is an American poet and novelist whose short novel, *A Walk in the Sun*, was one of last year's most interesting productions. He is now serving over here as a private in the United States Army, and has been on the writing staff of the *New Yorker*. His last book was an experience of the Italian campaign; the present one is a selection of the poetry he has written between the years 1941 and 1944.

POEMS (Secker and Warburg. 6s.), in spite of the period in which they have been written, are not to be looked on as war poems, though in fact some, and the best of them, are concerned with that aspect of existence. As a young man still, Mr. Brown's development as a poet has coincided with the war years, but his growth has not been forced by that: he would have been a poet in any stage of contemporary history, for that is his intellectual habit.

With him the sense of satire is civilised; a weapon to be used or a scalpel to be handled adroitly and delicately, as in *Epitaph for a Fashionable Lady*:

"Where is the lady of beauty and high degree
Who occasioned low conversation wherever she moved?"

But in reading and re-reading his work, it seems to me that his most essential qualities as a poet are revealed in such lines as his Valedictory Ode, and his poem *Sortie*. I quote from the latter, about a man on a "bombing mission."

"Lethal commuter, he stayed unconcerned.
His element was air. The landscape was
Purely impersonal, full of toys and patches,
A quilt in which a man might burn a hole.
His finger, crooked, controlled a piece of earth. . . ".

However much our indomitable railway system is able to improve its facilities for civilian travel this summer, and however elastic the basic ration can be proved, there will still be hundreds of thousands of us who are not likely to go away for that classic fortnight's holiday which used to give point to the whole summer season. It is of this proportion of his fellow-countrymen that the kindly—and immensely practical—Librarian of the Bristol Public Libraries must be thinking when he re-issues his booklet **HOLIDAYS AT HOME**, which he first published in 1942, and which he has revised in each successive year with consequent improvement.

These forty pages of suggestions for reading cover sixty-five different choices of subjects, from Darts to Drama, and from Poetry to Western stories. All the titles mentioned are available at the lending libraries in Bristol, and I cannot help thinking that this compilation could very well be imitated in other British cities. Carrying the plan a logical step farther, this year's edition has a list of local museums, bowling and putting greens, tennis courts, swimming baths, children's playgrounds and parks, gardens and open spaces where the books themselves may be read and enjoyed in at least an approach to holiday surroundings.

Though few can say with Charles Lamb "I have no repugnances. . . . I can read anything which I call a book," there is certain to be in this immensely varied list much to please, distract and delight the most stay-at-home of holiday-makers.

In the series of "Britain in Pictures," which Messrs. Collins publish at 4s. 6d. a volume, the two latest additions are **BRITISH FURNITURE-MAKERS**, by Mr. John Gloag, and **ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS**, by Mr. Rex Warner. If I confess to a preference for the first subject, it must be put down only to a matter of personal taste, as Mr. Warner has written sensibly and critically, and has only allowed Winchester a very slight lead over Eton in the matter of illustrations. "On one point all agree," he writes, "that the Public Schools are, for good or evil, important." It will not appear from his text, however, that their importance is an evil one.

Mr. Gloag's book is, or so I found it, quite fascinating for even the amateur student. The great names of Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton naturally dominate the best period of English cabinet-making, but there is much information that I found quite new, on the early English woodworkers, when the earliest piece of independent furniture was the chest; on marquetry, and on the perfect form of the Queen Anne chair (often appreciated at least in copies); on the chair industry traditionally centred in High Wycombe, and on the disciples of William Morris, among them Sir Ambrose Heal.

ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR YEARS OF AGE: Mrs. Elizabeth Curno, of Plymouth, who was over 100 years old when the Germans bombed her out of her home. Her ambition since that day was to live to see the Nazis defeated. Now, at the age of 104, Mrs. Curno has had her wish granted, and she celebrated Victory and her birthday with a party. She is seen receiving some of the many telegrams of congratulation

DOWN MURDER LANE (W. H. Allen. 7s. 6d.) is a collection of twenty-three highly-coloured accounts of cases which happened in fact, but have been reported here rather like the most lurid fiction. Mr. Sidney J. Coe has been a crime reporter for many years, and has followed innumerable cases. In one case he was calling on the executioner two hours after a murderer had been hanged, and asking how he had met his doom. The hangman's answer, beside his "cosy fireside," was, "Oh, aw reet, tha knows," and that seems to have finished the case of one particularly brutal murderer.

Mr. J. R. Clynes, the former Home Secretary, has written a Foreword to the book, which includes brief but not unvarnished records of such notorious murders as those of Mahon, Norman Thorne and Rouse.

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Jacobite Toasts

In those troubled days when loyalties were divided many were the Jacobite tricks devised to mark real allegiance. A favourite one was to pass the glass over the finger bowl when drinking the King's health and thus toasting the king "over the water". In Georgian days to guard against this practice, the use of finger bowls was banned when royalty were present — a prohibition which was maintained until the accession of Edward VII.

Another trick was to toast "The King" and recite :

"Here's damnation to the Pretender.
And God bless the King!
Who that Pretender is, and who that King
God Bless us 'All' — that's quite another thing!"

Yet another was the toast to "the little gentleman in black velvet" meaning the mole that built the mole hill on which William III's horse stumbled and threw him in 1702.

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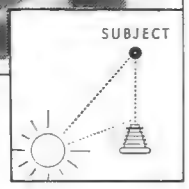
Where should the sun be when you snap?



Try snapping with the sun at your side, as in the diagram, instead of directly behind you. Side lighting gives more natural shadow effects and avoids a flat appearance. Be careful though not to let the sun shine into the lens. ***By the way,*** avoid loading your camera in bright sunlight. Good film is very sensitive — careless loading can easily spoil the spool.

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Pace of Peace

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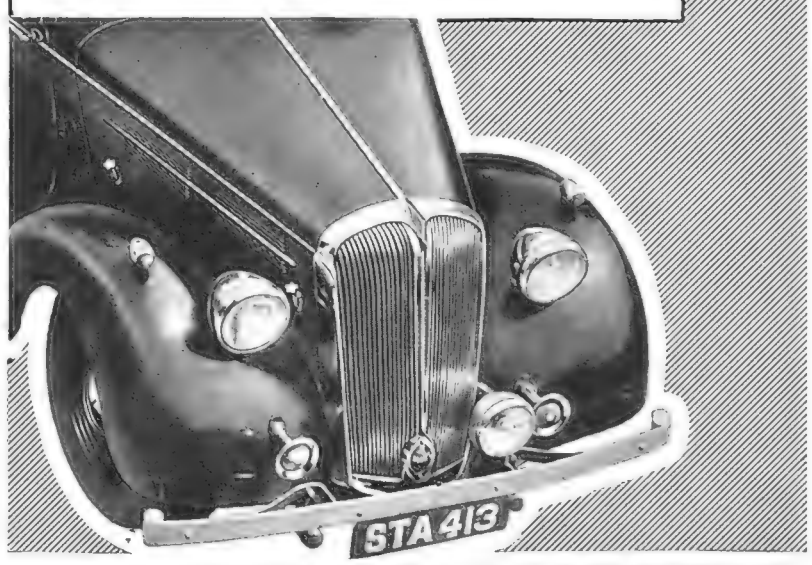

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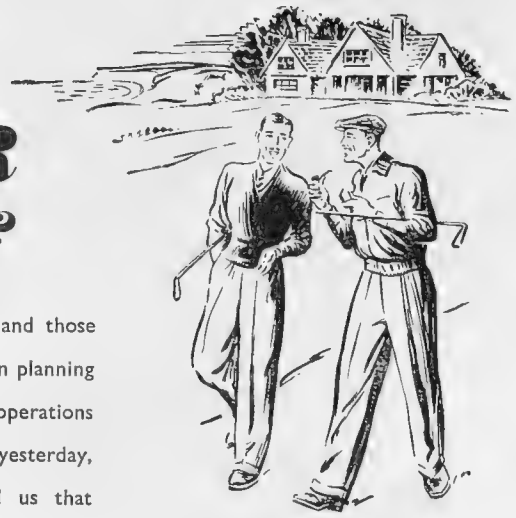
ALL OVER at last?



Well, the bigger half, and those not going East can begin planning their own private operations again. Interviewed yesterday, Captain Halftrack told us that the very day he called at the War Office for his bowler hat would later see him dug in at a caravanserai trading as the Slice and Niblick, adjacent to a golf course of great hazard and quality. Said the Captain: "Greens like chamois-leather—brassie lies which are absolutely Disney—and the short three was thought out by Torquemada." Where? No fear! But I don't mind telling you where I'm going first—for new tweeds and hefty shoes and so on . . . to

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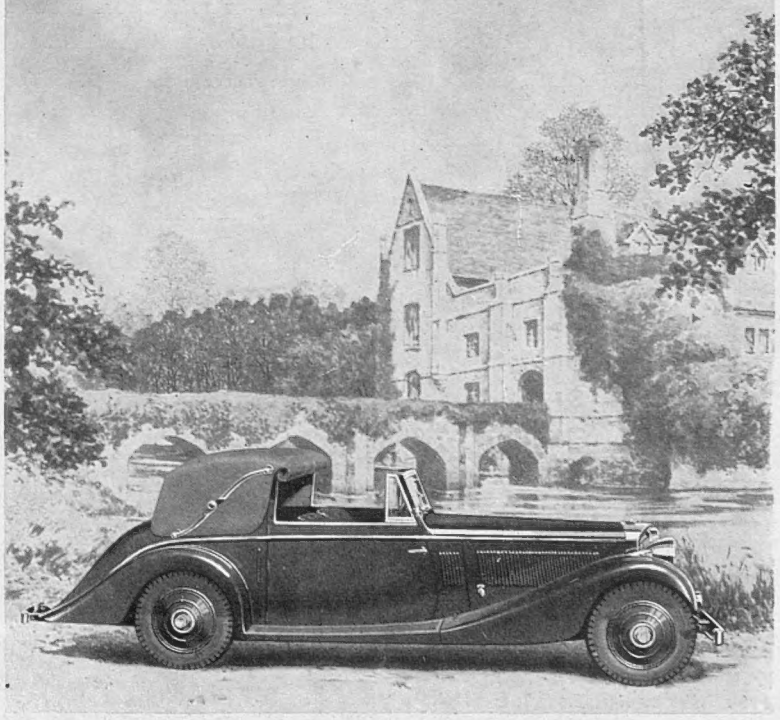

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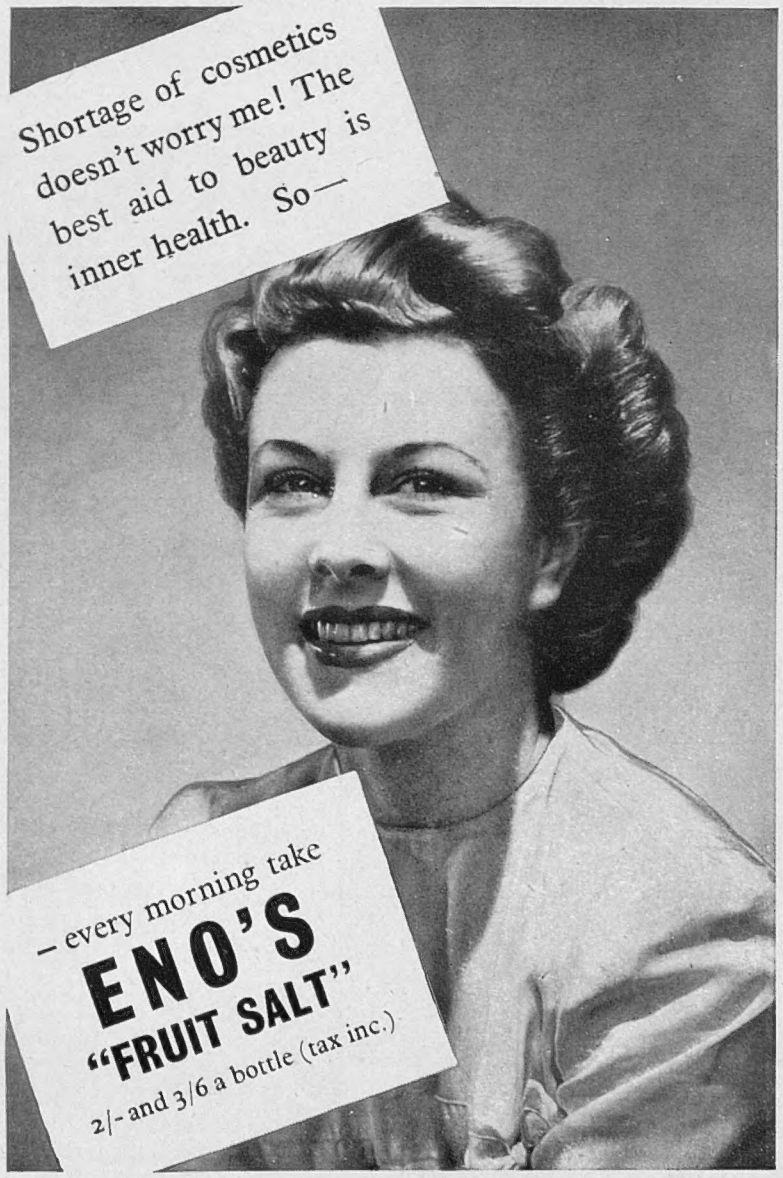

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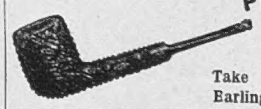

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